IF IT'S NEWS, IT'S IN THE BEE, FOR THE BEE IS A NEWSPAPER.

THE BEE
WASHINGTON

Washington's Best and Leading Negro Newspaper-That's THE BEE

VOL. XXXII NO 23 WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY NOVEMBER 11, 1911

Congressional Library.

BAHAI REVELATION

InRelation toChristianity and Oiher Religion

SCOPE, HISTORY AND PSECEPTS

By Louis G. Gregory.

About two years ago the writer was asked by The Bee for an article on the Bahai Revelation, the so-called New Religion. We shrank from the task, for the reason that no newspaper articles can do more than call attention to so vast a subject. But now we find, in view of the recent visit of Abdul Baha to England, that the British press is teeming with the subject, and that many of the articles written have found an echo in America. So the time seems ripe to use every agency to acquaint, as far as possible, the people of the world with the movement, and this we hope to do in part through The Bee and its exchanges. May the Divine Light inspire hope and cause inquiry.

The Bahai movement aims at nothing less than universal peace and the solidarity of the human family through the unification of all nations, races, and religions. That there is one God; that the Infinite Essence of God is forever veiled from His creatures; that the name of God should be one among all men; that in reality and essence all men are brothers; that the solution of all human problems is to be found in the spiritualization of the world; and that "the knowledge of God will cover the earth as the waters cover the deep." This partly expresses the spirit of the teachings. Hence it can be seen at once that the Revelation of Baha 'o' llah is not a new Religion. It is rather a renewal of the Spirit of Religion. It comes to antagonize no existing church, sect, or religion, but rather to unite all by harmonizing

their differences through the power of love. The world knows seven great systems of religion. They are each and all of Divine origin. Their founders were all holy men who came as apostles and messengers of God, giving in each case to the children of men light in accordance with their capacity and perception. If their laws and ordinances differed, the needs of the people also varied at different times. But they were all speakers of the Word of God, that Divine Logos which is ever the same, Spirit and Life, to the sons of men! Thus a careful perusal of the teachings of Jesus, Buddha, Zoroaster, Krisna, Enoch, and Mohammed, shows that each taught the immortality of the soul, the reward of good and punishment of evil, heart knowledge of the Spirit of God, the oneness of God, the Day of Judgment, and all other essentials of true religion.

The Revelation of Baha 'o' llah (the glory of God) is the latest of all, and proves the reality of Jesus and all the holy ones who have gone before. It does not come to destroy any of them, but to renew their Divine Spirit and fulfill them. To know the reality of one of God's messengers is to know the reality of all of them. The light of God is one, but the mirrors reflecting the light have been many. To quote from the Hidden Words of Baha 'o'llah, "This is that which descended from the source of majesty, through the tongue of power and strength upon the prophets of the past. We have taken its essences and with the garment of brevity clothed them as a favor to the beloved, that they may fulfill the covenant of God." * * * * * *

The new revelation may be approached from many angles. Its wonderful philosophy squares with modern science. It facinates through its explanations of the mysteries of the Bible and other Holy Books. Its direct fulfillment of ancient prophecies is thrilling. Its social and economic laws are pleasing alike to the radical and conservative among reformers. It reminds every religionist of his own system. And its deep and vital spiritual power brightens the mind and gladdens the heart. Already it has performed a great modern-day miracle. This is nothing less than the union of Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, etc., to the extent of several millions. It is not a cult, in that people of all classes, wise and ignorant, rich and poor, are numbered among its followers. In fact, if it did not appeal universally to the heart of humanity it would not be what its followers claim for it, a universal religion.

Historically the movement centers about a trinity of revelators who have appeared in modern times. The First Point, the Bab, Elijah of the day appeared in Persia in 1844 and conducted a great religious and moral revolution. He attracted many followers, about twenty thousand of whom were put to death. After but six years of teaching the Bab (the Door or Gate) was himself put to death. But before His passing He warned His followers to prepare their hearts for the coming of the greatest manifestation of God. The Father, Baha 'o' llah, (the splendor of God) arose soon after the passing of the Bab. He was a prisoner of the Persian and Turkish Governments forty years, spending most of this time at Akka, the penal colony, near Mt. Carmal, in the Holy Land. "Out of prison He cometh to reign" and "Carmal shall see the glory of God!" He revealed a vast system of laws for the government of the human race and the instrumentalities of universal unity. Among these are a universal calendar, a universal tongue, universal peace, and a cosmic race. Before his passing in 1892, he directed his followers, who now numbered about a hundred thousand, to turn their faces toward his son, Abbas Effendi, the greatest branch. This son, under the title of Abdul Baha (the servant of God) at the age of 67, is now the leader of the movement. The writer has seen him. There are man others who testify to his simplicity, meekness, majesty, knowledge and love.

Bahais have been the victims of much persecution. But the cause thrives best under adverse conditions. With the usual faith and courage shown in various parts of the world, the movement has grappled with the race problem in America. A few of its precepts are: "Close your eyes to racial differences and welcome all with the light of oneness."

"The principles of religion is to lessen words and increase deeds."

"The first counsel is, possess a good, a pure, an enlightened heart."

"If you have a word or a fragrance which a brother has not, offer it with the tongue of love and kindness. If it is accepted, the end is attained. If not, with regard to him deal not harshly, but pray."

THE SHEPARD IDEA

Spreading Among the Whites.

(From an Exchange.)

It was many years ago that a wave of sentiment in favor of higher education swept over the race. A fewer number of years ago industrial training was brought forcefully to our attentions. If we read correctly the signs of the times not many years hence the religious training in schools established for this especial purpose, will be acclaimed everywhere a new panacea for our racial troubles. In founding his religious training school at Durham, N. C., Dr. James E. Shepard seems to have originated a line of educational work that will take strong hold not alone on the Negro people of America, but on the whites as well.

It is a peculiar fact that a Negro leader has thought out and popularized each new possible solution of the race problem, and each of these movements has been along educational lines. Dr. J. C. Price stirred the country on the idea of higher education; Dr. B. T. Washington so impressed his industrialism that the whites appropriated the idea for their own improvement; Dr. Shepard's idea is now being taken up by the whites and they are beginning to use it on a large scale for their own betterment, not leaving the Negro altogether out of the movement, however. It is, then, a noteworthy fact that Negroes have worked out almost independently the ideas for the development of their people, while the whites have furnished most of the "where-with-all" to put these plans into operation, themselves being influenced by the transaction.

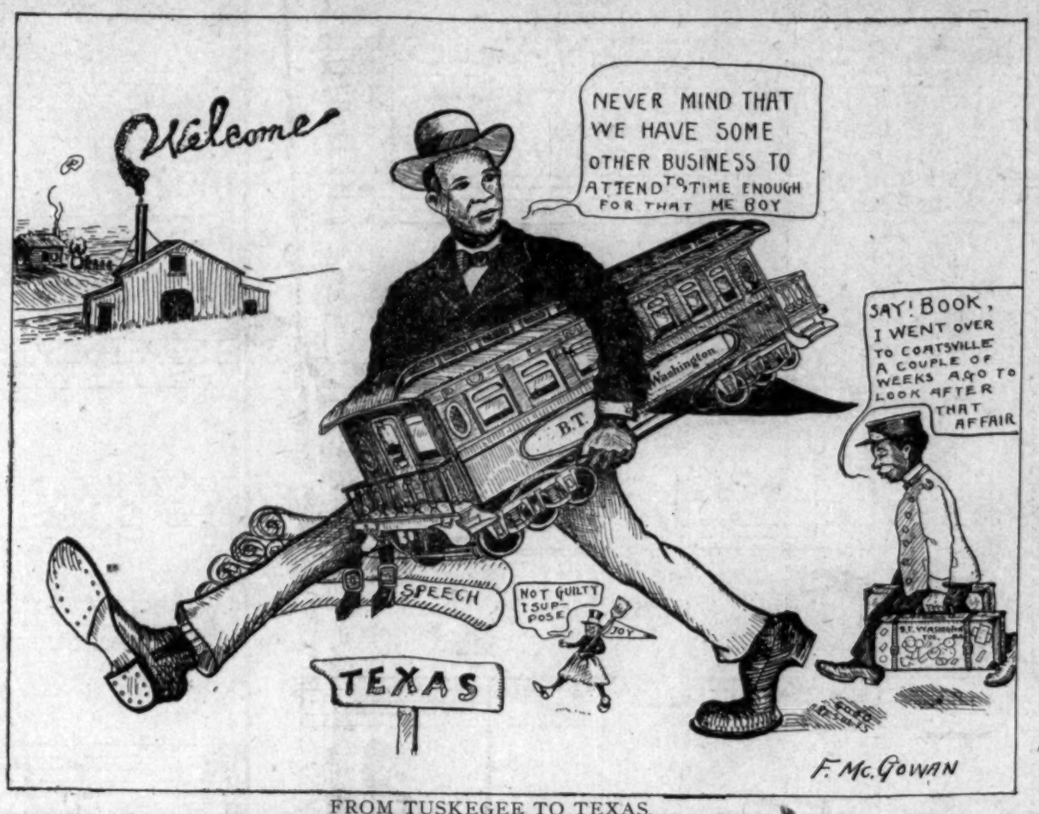
Much attention is being attracted just now to the American Interchurch college being established in Nashville, Tenn., to train individuals for carrying on religious work. The main college, for whites, will be affiliated with Vanderbilt University and Peabody College, while the colored department will be affiliated with the colored colleges of the city. The Interchurch College has a capitalization of $1,000,000. There will be raised $200,000 for the colored department, making the total endowment $1,200,000.

A layman wonders if a movement of this kind means that the church is losing ground and must in this way be reinforced to be saved itself; or does it show that the church has failed in fulfilling one of its missions? It has boasted of fitting workers for the Master's vineyard. Is this important feature of church work to be turned over to religious schools?—Southern Life Magazine.

IN TOWN.

Col. John R. Marshall, of Chicago, and the popular and efficient colonel of the Eighth Illinois regiment spent several days in this city, the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Geo. Cabiness. Col. Marshall is an old Alexander, Va., boy who took Horace Greeley's advice "go west young man," and made good. Col. Marshall and Dr. Cabiness called at The Bee office Tuesday.

Everybody intends to attend the charity reception. It will be the greatest social event of the season.


Welcome
NEVER MIND THAT WE HAVE SOME OTHER BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO TIME ENOUGH FOR THAT ME BOY
SAY! BOOK, I WENT OVER TO COATSVILLE A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO TO LOOK AFTER THAT AFFAIR
Washington
B.T.
SPEECH
NOT GUILTY I SUPPOSE
TEXAS
F. McGOWAN

FROM TUSKEGEE TO TEXAS.

COURT'S DECISION

IN DR. WASHINGTON'S ASSAULT CASE ASTOUNDING TO ALL SPECTATORS.

In the Face of the Most Convincing Testimony Two Judges Favor the White Defendant.

Special to **The Bee:**

New York, Nov. 6.—After several delays and continuances, asked for by Ulrich, the assailant of Dr. Washington, the case was called and tried today. Ulrich has each time secured a continuance of the trial on the plea that his witnesses were not present, and yet when the trial was called today he had no other witness than he has had at previous times, except Mrs. Alvarez, who posed as his lawful wife when the assult was committed. Dr. Washington has been ready for the trial from the first, and has pressed the case to completion as a duty he owed his race, the public and himself, cancelling many engagements, and going to a great expense of time and money to be present at each date set for the trial.

The story of the assault was told in detail by Officers Hagan and Tierney, and a Wall Street bank clerk who witnessed it, and by Dr. Washington himself. So complete and convincing was the testimony showing how Ulrich and another assailant had brutally beaten the educator that the specators were astounded when after Ulrich and the woman who was variously described in the testimony as "Mrs Ulrich" and "Mrs. Alvarez" had testified, the judges by a divided decision of two to one decided to acquit the defendant, on the ground that the proof of assault had not been clearly proven. To prove his contention that he had nothing to conceal, Dr. Washington fought the case to a finish, and is in no way cast down because the judges refused to convict him—Ulrich and the woman paramour—swore most atrociously in their efforts to fasten odium upon him. He feels he has done his full duty to his race and himself in coming to New York to prosecute his assailant, at great expense and loss of time and energy.

Ulrich Re-arrested.

Immediately following the trial, Ulrich was arrested by New Jersey officials on a warrant for desertion sworn out by his legitimate wife who lives in Orange, New Jersey.

Assistant District Attorney James E. Smith, who conducted the prosecution, was most earnest in his efforts to secure the conviction of Ulrich; it was no fault of his that a conviction was not secured. He did his full and complete duty.

Bishop Walters.

Bishop Alexander Walters is to be tendered a grand testimonial by the colored citizens of the District of Columbia on the evening of December 11, 1911.

A committee of one hundred leading citizens headde by Dr. S. L. Corrothers, are now completing the arrangements.

Bishop Walters is possibly the leading advocate of the manhood rights of the Negro before the civilized world today.

A worthy presentation will be made to the Bishop at the close of the testimonial.

Knights of Pythias.

Syracuse Lodge, No. 5, Knights of Pythias, jurisdiction of North America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia initiated the following-named gentlemen into the mysteries of Pape on the 2d of November, 1911: Messrs. Addison Smith, Philip Thomas and Eugene W. Gates.

Thursday, the 16th, the lodge will work the Second Rank or Esquire Degree.

VT. AVE. CHURCH

DEACON HAWKINS.

A Faithful Hard and Brave Worker.

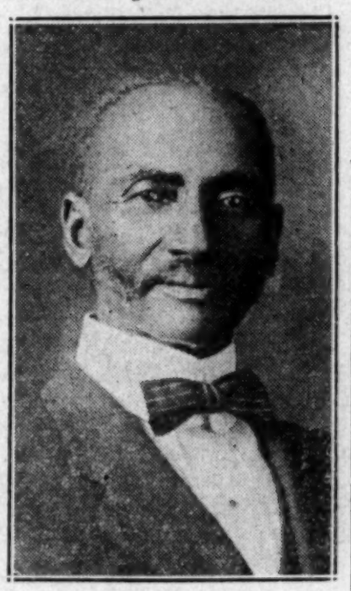
Eldridge Hawkins, deacon of the Vermont Avenue Baptist Church for twenty-five years, is one of the most remarkable men of his age; tall, unassuming, affable but positive and stern in his manner, he is a born leader of men.

He is honest to a fault, forgiving and conservative in his dealing toward those who oppose him.

He is entirely void of animosity or revengeful spirit and says that "every man is my Brother who is right."

He is the Senior deacon of the Vermont Avenue Baptist Church of which Reverend Doctor James E. Willis is pastor, and has served as such for twenty-five years.

He has the absolute confidence of the congregation, because they know him to love him and because, they have found in him all that goes to make a Christian gentleman, an upright official and one who loves right, and who will give to the least mem-



ber of the Church, as a presiding officer, every right due him or her, when such members claim comes up for consideration.

Deacon Hawkins was born in Charles County, Maryland and came to this city many years ago, and for several years, has been employed in one of the departments of the government.

He early connected himself with the Vermont Avenue Baptist Church and during the twenty-five years of Doctor Lee's pastorate, he was his staunch friend, able assistant, and upon whom Doctor Lee relied most implicity for help and guidance in the conduct of the Spiritual affairs of the Church.

After the death of Doctor Lee, for more than a year before the calling of Doctor Willis as pastor, Deacon Hawkins was practically head of the Spiritual affairs of the Church with Deacon and Trustee Boards of said Church.

The Church flourished under his administration as head Deacon; the Church without a pastor, continued in its growth in membership and financial progress. He had as his able assistants, Deacons Robert Johnson, Churchill, Armstead, Jas. Pinn, Samuel Lewis, James Porter, James Taylor, Augustus Johnson, John Pollard, Wesley Wheeler, James Sewell and the very able and true friends and the oldest trustee of the Church, Edward Taylor. Moses Peyton, Richard Brown, Alfred Reed, R. S. Warren and others, all of whom have been his faithfull allies.

The meeting to elect a pastor of the Vermont Avenue Baptist Church, Friday evening, June 9th, 1911, was had upon a motion of William Reed, who is a leading factor in opposition to Doctor Willis, together with a few others, who, after Doctor Willis had been elected by a large majority over his opponent, a man by the name of Taylor, a college graduate, brought a suit in Equity to contest their election of Doctor Willis on the ground of fraud. This suit brought by Messrs, Winslow, William L. Pollard and others, upon a hearing before Justice Anderson, was promptly dismissed upon an opinion that Willis was fairly elected pastor of the Church.

None of this perturbed or in any way ruffled the spirit of this tall inveterate and veritable war-like character of Deacon Hawkins, because he knew he was in the right and the Judge confirmed his position and views.

In defiance of the dismissal of the Bill filed by the opposition of Reverend Willis and the opinion of Judge Anderson, it is declared that these same parties filed another bill against Deacon Hawkins, Doctor Willis and others and have employed three attorneys with the hope of ousting Doctor Willis and the present officers of the Church.

With charity to and malice toward none, when the writer called upon Deacon Hawkins, he refused to discuss the matter, but simply said, "If God be for us, who can be against us."

The ladies in this church are to be commended for their excellent work and the support they have given the present pastor and deacons. The membership of this church is beyond all doubt among the most intelligent and refined in the city. It is a membership that any minister ought to feel proud. Some of the oldest and most highly respected citizens are connected with this church. It is a paying congregation, and notwithstanding the fight that has been waged against the present incumbent, the church is not at all embarrassed financially. It is believed that the present deacon board and the pastor, Rev. Willis, will, by hard work and perseverance, make the Vermont Avenue Baptist Church one of the greatest in this city. Deacon Hawkins is strong, because he is honest with his people. They have confidence in him. No man is any more respected in the church than he is. He is a man above reproach, and it was by his wise leadership and Christian bearing that the church is where it is today. It is to be regretted that any opposition to the present regime should exist. This continual fighting will eventually weaken the church's influence.

No church or organization can succeed without united action. The memory of the late Geo. W. Lee is yet fresh in the minds of the members of the Vermont Avenue Baptist Church. There should be unity, sisterly and brotherly love among the members. If the majority vote shows that the Rev. Willis was elected, and there is no doubt that it does, why then, should there be any division? It is to the interest of the people to get together. The noble women who fought the battle for right and justice will have a monument erected to their memory. Under the wise leadership of Deacon Hawkins, the Vermont Avenue Baptist Church will be a great factor in the religious world.

The most remarkable thing at this time is the large increase of membership in the church, and to this end this well-known church worker, Deacon Hawkins, is working with his co-workers. The apparent division in the church has not effected the church in the least. Many of those who left the church are anxious to return, and will no doubt return. Already preparations are in view looking to the enlarging of this now great church edifice. Lots of improvements will be made under the administration of this present membership.

READ THE BEE

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

Important News Happenings of the Week

DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTEREST

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of the John D. Rockefeller Fund for education (the General Education Board) reported that the board has contributed between $600,000 and $700,000 to forty-one schools for Negroes. These contributions have been limited to the higher schools which train teachers for the public schools.

Mrs. Anna Maria Fisher, said to be a daughter of Henry Clay, died last month at the age of 93 years. Many colored persons and institutions are named beneficiaries in her will. Tuskegee and Hampton Institute are to receive $10,000 each, and $2,000 to Harriet and Lillian Shadd, of this city.

Dr. Daniel Williams, the well-known Chicago Surgeon, formerly head of Freedmen's Hospital, of this city, has established an operating clinic at Provident Hospital, in Chicago.

The Boston Guardian celebrated its tenth anniversary last week. The Guardian said: "The close of ten years finds us busy fighting the same fight on the same principles." We congratulate the Guardian.

The campaign expenses of Gov. Foss, of Massachusetts, will total about $16,635. According to a statement issued from the executive offices, $5,000 was contributed to the campaign committee, $350 for traveling expenses, and $11,285 for printing and mailing a pamphlet telling of the Governor's services to the State.

The United States Government and the great powers of Europe have been asked to intervene and put an end immediately to the alleged barbarities practiced by the Italian forces in Tripoli, by the Turkish government.

The Durham Reformer says: "A fifteen thousand dollar hotel is to be erected in Raleigh, N. C., in first-class style, for colored people. J. H. Love, a successful colored druggist of Raleigh, is the promoter of the enterprise."

Cyrus Field Adams, for fourteen years Assistant Register of the Treasury, is now suffering from a nervous breakdown, and is in St. Paul, Minn., with his brother, John Adams.

The Liquor Journal states that 15,000,000 people who live in prohibition States use 20,000,000 gallons of alcoholic beverages.

General Booth, at the age of 83, is so nearly blind he has determined to undergo an operation in the hope of restoring his sight.

In Japan the children of the poor are nearly always labeled, in case they should stray from home while their mothers are at work.

The recent somewhat hurried initiation of Jack Johnson, the Negro prize fighter, into a Masonic lodge, of Dundee, has raised a storm of protest throughout the country.

Several hundred clergymen of all denominations met and passed resolutions aiming to end the persecution of Jews in Russia, and make the Russian authorities cease refusing to honor the passports of certain American citizens through religious intolerance.

Madam C. J. Walker, colored, of Indianapolis, Ind., has given $1,000 toward the erection of a $100,000 Y. M. C. A. building for colored men.

The population of France has dwindled to such an alarming extent that should war break out an inferior army and navy would be compelled to battle with the enemy, so France is seriously considering recruiting 1,000,000 Negroes for her African colonies.

The Board of Education of New York has engaged Mr. Matt Henson, Commander Peary's companion to the North Pole, to deliver a series of lectures on his polar trip before audiences in the public schools of that city.

During the months of April, May and June, this year, 152 persons were killed, and 2,996 injured in train accidents. For the year ended June 30, 1911, the bulletin issued shows the total number of casualties was 160,555; of this number 10,396 were killed and 150,169 injured.

One thousand dollars for immediate temporary relief of American citizens suffering at Hankow, China, as a result of warfare there, has been sent by the American Red Cross Society.

At Open Health Mill No. 2, Homestead Steel Works, in Pittsburg, Pa., produced 2,475 tons of steel in twenty-four hours. This breaks a record made fifteen years ago.

November 4 was an anniversary of an epoch in transportation development of the United States, as eighty-six years ago on the said day, the first boat on the Erie canal sailed.

HOWARD GRADUATE.

Made Manager of a Cleveland Drug Store.

Cleveland, O.—Dr. Frank H. Weaver of Baltimore, a graduate of Howard University, Washington, a registered pharmacist of the state board of Maryland, registered as assistant pharmacist in Pennsylvania, and recently registered in Ohio, has been made manager of the Peoples' Drug Store here. The Peoples' is the only drug store in the city owned by colored men.

LOVER'S WALTZ

Liebes Walzer

(Valse d' Amour)

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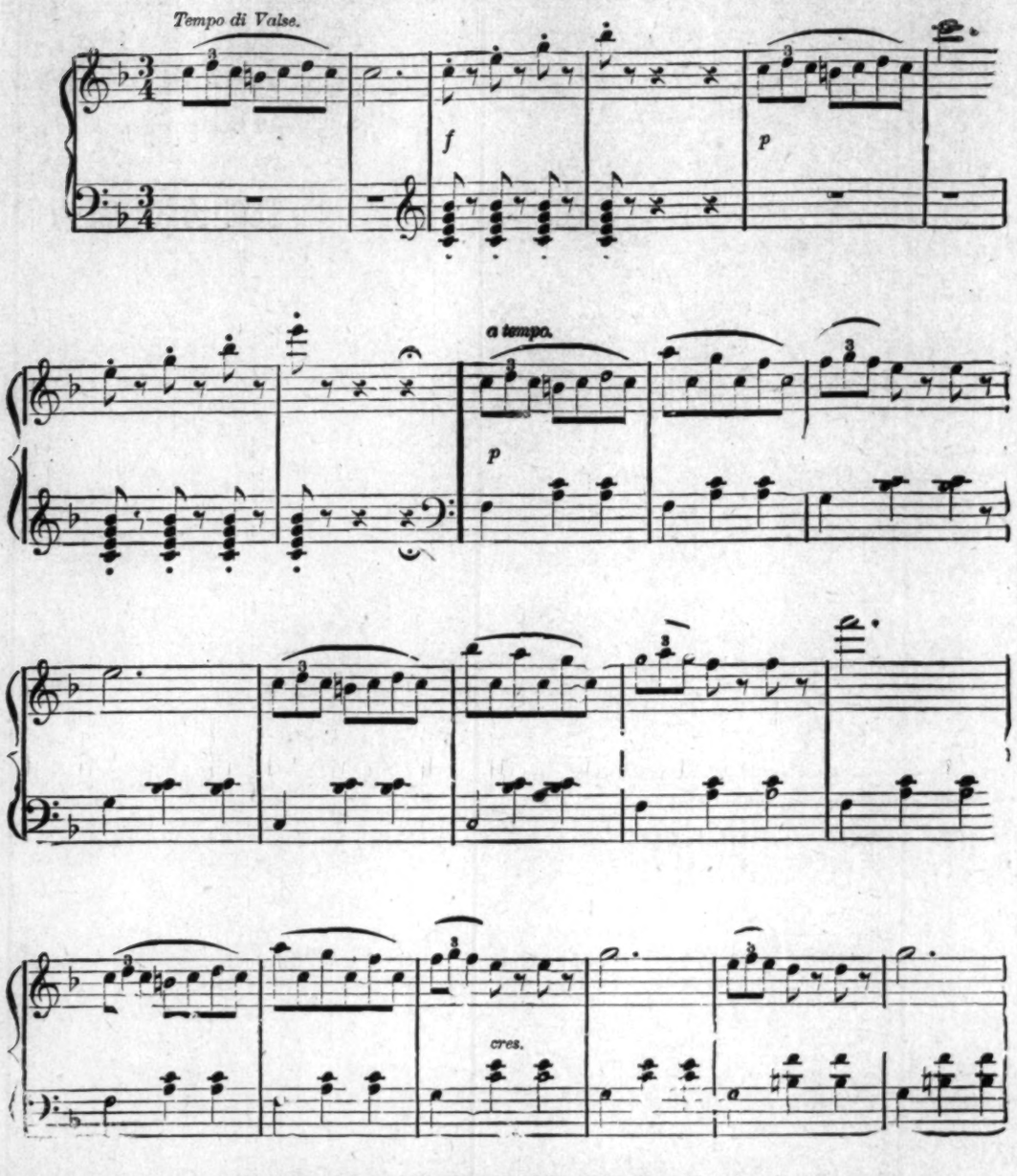
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Lloyd H. Neuman	3.00
B. P. Wilson	1.00
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Dr. Brooks	12.00
Miss Merritt	10.00
Dr. W. P. Thirkield, for Howard students	20.00
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Suspender Anatomy.

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When They Do Get Into Their Houses Their Principal Occupation Is Looking Out of the Windows—The Marriage Customs of Greece.

Home life in Greece, particularly in Athens, is peculiar. It might almost be said that there is no such thing. In Mr. Duckett Ferriman's book on "Greece and the Greeks" the manners and customs of the picturesque Hellenes, which are little known to the average English reader, are described at length. Mr. Ferriman states that the Greeks do not know anything about the art of making a home.

"One may meet with exquisite cleanliness," he writes, "with beautifully embroidered bed linen scented with rosemary, but never with what we mean by coziness. The Greeks are far less in their houses than we are, and when they are at home they appear to spend most of their time in looking out of the window. They are not given to inviting their friends to their houses. It is not that they are niggardly, for they will gladly entertain you at a restaurant at far greater cost to themselves. But it does not enter into their ideas to ask you home to dinner, even after an acquaintance of many years.

"They do not ask each other, so it can hardly be expected that they should make an exception in the case of foreigners. The cafe is a second home to them. There they meet friends and gossip. That is one reason perhaps why they dislike country life.

"It offers no alternative to the home; there the hearth is the social center, while in town it is the cafe. In Athens those who do not own the house they dwell in seldom remain long in the same abode. Two or three years is quite a long tenure. Many people make a point of moving every year.

"The imposing facades of Athenian houses conceal, for the most part, a bare and comfortless interior, and a well kept garden is rare. A garden is not made in a year, and a person who changes his residence every twelve months does not want to be troubled with much furniture, nor is he particular as to its arrangement, seeing that it will be carted away in a few months.

"Home life has no resources for the Greeks, as it has for us. It affords them little occupation and no amusement. They like to eat and drink in crowds, where there is noise and movement. Their instincts are too gregarious to allow them to appreciate the domestic intimacy which we prize.

"The day chosen for marriage in Greece is usually Sunday, but the day of all days in the year is the Sunday preceding the Christmas feast. It is not fashionable now to be married in church. In Athens the ceremony takes place in the house of the bride's parents. A temporary altar is set up in the middle of the room.

"At the conclusion of the ceremony the priest and the couple join hands and walk three times round the altar, the guests pelting them with comfits. The most important part of the ceremony is the crowning of the bride and bridegroom with wreaths of orange blossom; hence a wedding is popularly called 'the crowning.'

"Love marriages are rare exceptions. The match is made by the parents and relatives rather than by the parties principally concerned. There are certain established usages which, though not legally binding, are not to be contravened with impunity.

"Then it is considered wrong for brothers to marry until their sisters have been wed. Again, girls must marry in order of seniority. It would not be right for a girl to be married while she had an elder sister who remained single. The men of a family are thus naturally anxious to see their sisters settled, and as a dowry is indispensable its provision is often a matter of serious anxiety and the fruit of great self denial on the part of the brothers if the parents are dead.

"There are cases in which brothers have remained unmarried for years and have devoted all their hard earned savings to the dowries of their sisters. Among the poorer classes emigration is resorted to, not infrequently solely with this object, and many a dowry comes to a Greek maiden from across the Atlantic."

A Rogues' Gallery.

"You know Mrs. Van Gilder's family portrait gallery that she started last year?"

"Yes."

"Well, that great criminal detective office who guarded the wedding presents when Frostie Van Gilder married the oldest De Graft boy told me that he recognized seven of the portraits and they had all done time, whatever that means."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lack of Tact.

"That man is about the most tactless person I have ever known."

"I agree with you. He would have no more sense than to ask a barber to subscribe to a fund for the purpose of providing a monument for the inventor of the safety razor."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Pretty Narrow.

Mrs. Hoyle—Is there much room in your flat? Mrs. Doyle—I should say not! There isn't room to give anybody a broad hint.—Judge.

DEADLY MINE GASES.

They Are Detected by Their Action Upon the Flame of the Safety Lamp.

The safety lamp, a heavy metal lantern shaped object with a circular globe of heavy plate glass, is the only light other than electricity that can be safely carried into a gaseous mine. The lamps are lit before they are taken into the mine and, in addition, are securely locked, that no accident or ignorant intention may expose the open flame to the gases of the mine. Over a small sooty yellow flame which gives a light less bright than that of an ordinary candle are two wire gauze cones fitting snugly inside the heavy globe, and it is through these cones that the flame draws the air which supports it. The presence of black damp, or carbon dioxide, can easily be detected, if not by its odor, by the action of the flame, which grows dim and, if the black damp exists in any quantity, is finally extinguished. White damp, the highly explosive gas which is most feared, has, on the other hand, a totally different effect. In the presence of this gas the flame of the safety lamp becomes pointed, and as the gas grows stronger the flame seems to separate from the wick and an almost invisible blue cone forms beneath it. If the miner continues to advance into the white damp he will pass through a line in which there are nine parts of air to one part gas (the explosive mixture), and the lamp will instantly register this explosive condition by a sudden crackling inside the gauze and the extinguishing of the flame. Were it an open lamp the explosion ignited by the flame would sweep throughout the entire workings, carrying death and destruction before it, but by the construction of the safety lamp the explosion confines itself to the limited area within the gauze cones, and unless the lamp is moved suddenly and the flame is dragged through the gauze at the instant that the explosion occurs within the globe it will not extend beyond the gauze.—Atlantic.

SPHERICITY OF THE EARTH.

"Parallax" Bet Against It, and He Lost His Wager.

The straightest canal in the world is in England and runs from Erith, in Cambridgeshire, to Denvers Sluice, twenty-two miles away. It was here that years ago a decisive experiment was conducted to prove the sphericity of the earth. At that time, says "Highways and Byways In Cambridgeshire," a deluded gentleman, who called himself "Parallax," was obsessed with the notion that the globe was a flat disk and used to go lecturing with great vigor on the subject. After these lectures he invited questions, none of which was able to shake his belief. When asked, for example, "Why does the hull of a ship disappear below the horizon while the masts remain visible?" he would answer, "Because the lowest stratum of air is the densest and therefore soonest conceals objects seen through it." Finally he showed his whole hearted belief in his absurd views by laying a heavy wager that no one would disprove them. The stakes were deposited in the hands of judges, and the trial, under agreed conditions, took place upon the New river, as part of the canal is called. Three boats were moored three miles apart, each provided with a crosstree of equal height. If the earth was spherical the central cross would appear above the other to an observer looking through a telescope leveled from the crosstree of the boat at either end; if it was flat he would see both the other crosstrees as one. "Parallax" declared that he did see them so, but the judges unanimously decided against him, and the poor man lost his money.

We're All Actors.

Mme. Alexandria Viarda, the Polish tragedienne, once propounded the following:

"It is a strange thing, but ask a man to mend a rip in his coat.

"No; he is not a tailor.

"Ask another to stop the faucet from leaking.

"No; he's not a plumber.

"Or another to do a bit of cabinet work.

"No; he is not a carpenter.

"But ask any one of the three or all of them to enact a little part in a play and each will smile in fatuous confidence and instantly acquiesce.

"But watch him act!"

Saintliness Unpopular.

That state of mind which let us call the ignominy of the virtuous is not entirely confined to boys of nine years. I have seen grown men and women, being accused of saintliness, over whose faces passed an expression of mortification. They would accept with more complacency the tribute that they were getting to be devils in their old age.—Atlantic.

Fame.

Fame is easily acquired. All you have to do is to be in the right place at the right time and do the right thing in the right way—and then advertise it properly.—Puck.

Ennui.

Tommy—Pop, what is ennui? Tommy's Pop—Ennui, my son, is a disease that attacks the people who are so lazy that they get tired of resting.—Philadelphia Record.

She Knew Her Dad.

Smithers—Do you know any one who has a horse to sell? She—Yes; I suspect old Brown has. Smithers—Why? She—Well, papa sold him one yesterday.—London Punch.

LAYING BRICKS.

How Scientific Methods Raised the Standard of the Mason's Day's Work.

There are now eminent consulting engineers who are engaged by industrial heads to study their establishments from top to bottom with a view to finding by scientific study the methods of working, accounting and handling labor which will improve on the old traditional habits. Some extraordinary results have been attained. What scientific management means is admirably illustrated by the story of bricklaying, as told by an expert.

Ordinarily a brick mason makes eighteen different sets of motions in laying a single brick. He bends over, in the first place, to pick up one brick, and in lifting it he lifts ten pounds of brick and about a hundred pounds of brick mason—the upper part of his own body. In laying 1,000 bricks in a day's work he lifts 100,000 pounds of brick mason. This was an obvious waste of labor. So a common laborer was hired to put the bricks where the masons would not have to stoop for them. Another thing is that when a mason picks up a handmade brick, which is always a little thicker at one side than on the other, he tosses the brick up, turning it over until his touch tells him which side is the top before he puts it in place in the wall. The cure for this was to have all the bricks piled top up before they were brought to the masons. Then, further, every one has seen the mason tap his brick several times to settle it into the mortar—more waste of time. The cure was to make the mortar thinner, so that the weight of the brick would settle it into the right position. This was scientific management, "motion study." It raised the day's work for the average brick mason from 1,000 up to 2,700 bricks a day and in individual cases to much higher figures. The mason made only six motions where he used to make eighteen.—American Review of Reviews.

WHISTLER WAS INDIGNANT.

The Idea of Buying His Pictures and Then Demanding Possession.

A certain eminent English lady, the proud possessor of a title of fairly high degree, who admired Whistler's genius to the extent of purchasing one of his pictures, never was able to obtain possession of her property. One day she drove to the studio in her victoria. Mr. Whistler went to greet her.

"Mr. Whistler," she said, "two years ago I bought one of your pictures, a beautiful thing, and I have never been able to hang it on my walls. It has been loaned to one exhibition or another. Now, today I have my carriage with me, and I would like to take it home with me. I am told it is in your possession."

"Dear lady," returned Whistler, "you ask the impossible. I will send it to you when I have it again, but it is not here. You have been misinformed." And so forth, and so forth, to the same effect, and the lady drove off without her picture.

After she had departed Whistler commenced to poke around his studio and, to the great astonishment of a friend who had been an involuntary listener to the above conversation, he brought forth a canvas.

"Here it is," he said. "She was right about one thing—it is beautiful." And it was beautiful.

"But the impudence of these people," he continued, "who think that because they pay a few paltry hundred pounds they own my pictures. Why, it merely secures them the privilege of having them in their houses now and then! The pictures are mine!"

A Medical Sherlock Holmes.

A physician was knocked down and robbed while on his way to see a patient. His pockets were rifled, and one of the articles stolen was a clinical thermometer with which he had earlier in the evening taken the temperature of a patient. He remembered the temperature registered and also that he had not shaken down the mercury before putting the thermometer in his pocket. He communicated these facts to the police. Some time afterward a thermometer registering the identical temperature was discovered in a pawnshop, and the police were enabled thereby to track the doctor's assailants and to arrest them.

The Wicked Majority.

A new gardener had been employed on a Long Island estate. This man was raking leaves off the lawn one fall day when a neighbor, passing by, inquired of him, "Where's the gardener who used to work here?"

"Dead, sir," was the reply.

"Dead!" said the astonished neighbor. Then, musing, he added, "Joined the great majority, eh?"

"Oh, sir," the gardener interrupted in a shocked voice, "I wouldn't like to say that. He was a good enough man as far as I know."

Caution.

"Shall I have this prescription filled without further consultation?" asked the patient.

"Certainly," replied the physician. "Why not?"

"I thought maybe I'd better call in a handwriting expert."—Washington Star.

Reciprocity.

There is one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life—that word is reciprocity. What you do not wish done to yourself do not do to others.—Confucius.

Death expecteth thee everywhere; be wise, therefore, and expect death everywhere.—Quarles.

HIS GIRL FRIENDS.

Mark Twain Dearly Loved Children as Playmates.

THE ANGEL FISH SOCIETY.

A Delightful and Touching Story About Little Margaret, One of Its Members, and the Genial Humorist—A Pretty Compact and a Quaint Letter.

Like many another great man, Mark Twain was fond of children. He never outgrew childhood, and he always chose young playmates where they were to be found. He formed curious societies of these girl friends. Back in the nineties, when he was living in Europe, he created a club which was to consist of one (only one) girl in each country of the globe, the duty of said member being to write occasionally to the chief officer, who faithfully replied to these random and far faring messages. Of course these little girls were swept into womanhood presently, but even to the last years of his life the member who signed herself "France" remained faithful to the law.

Another club of girls, little girls, became one of the chief interests during his final years. It had its beginning in Bermuda during one of his frequent visits to those happy islands. It was called the Angel Fish club, after a gorgeous swimmer of those waters, and he gave to each member an angel fish pin as a society badge. It was a successful club, and on his return to America he elected other members, enough to make twelve in all.

His home at Redding, Conn., Stormfield, had been originally named Innocence at Home, and as Angel Fish headquarters Innocence at Home it always remained. Members with their parents visited him there, and the billiard room, where the "fishes" were likely to spend most of their time knocking the balls about, under the chief member's instruction, was called the Aquarium, and gay prints of many Bermuda fishes were hung along the walls to carry out the idea. Each member had the privilege of selecting one of these as her patron fish and of identifying it with her name.

It was in Bermuda one day when he was walking along the beach with one of his angel fish members that he picked up a small iridescent double shell, delicately hinged together. He separated it and handed his companion half.

"You will be going away from me pretty soon, Margaret," he said, "and growing up, and I won't know you any more. I shall see a great many Margarets, and now and then one of them will say she is my Margaret, but I will say, 'No; you resemble my Margaret, but you are bigger than my Margaret, and I can't be sure.' Then I will take out this shell and I will say, 'If you are really my Margaret you will have the other half of this shell, and it will fit exactly.' Then if she has the shell and it fits I shall know that it is really my Margaret, no matter how many years have gone by or how much older she has grown."

All this he said very gravely and earnestly, and the little girl took the shell thoughtfully and promised to keep it always. Next morning when she came running up to meet him on the hotel veranda he looked at her questioningly.

"You look like Margaret," he said, "but I can't be sure. If you are really my Margaret you will have a shell I gave her once—the mate to this one"—

He got no further. The talisman was promptly produced, and it fitted exactly. He returned to America, and somewhat later Margaret received a letter—one of the letters he was always writing to children. In it he said:

I am always making mistakes. When I was in New York six weeks ago I was on a corner of Fifth avenue and saw a small girl—not a big one—start across from the opposite corner, and I exclaimed to myself joyfully, "That is certainly my Margaret," so I rushed to meet her. But as she came nearer I began to doubt and said to myself, "It's a Margaret, that is plain enough, but I'm half afraid it is somebody else's." So when I passed her I held my shell so she couldn't help but see it. Dear, she only glanced at it and passed on. I wondered if she could have overlooked it. It seemed best to find out, so I turned and followed and caught up with her and said deferentially, "Dear miss, I already know your first name by the look of you, but would you mind telling me your other one?" She was vexed and said, pretty sharply: "It's Douglas, if you're so anxious to know. I know your name by your looks, and I'd advise you to shut yourself up with pen and ink and write some more rubbish. I am surprised that they allow you to run at large. You are likely to get run over by a baby carriage any time. Run along now and don't let the cows bite you."

What an idea! There aren't any cows on Fifth avenue. But I didn't smile. I didn't let on to perceive how uncultured she was. She was from the country, of course, and didn't know what a comical blunder she was making.

Margaret, with her mother, called when they returned to America. When the cards were brought to him he looked at hers and said:

"Well, the young lady, her name seems familiar, but I can't be sure it's my Margaret without a certain token which she is supposed to carry as a proof." The shell came up without delay. He took the two halves now to a jeweler and had them set in gold as charms. One of these Margaret wore on a ribbon about her neck, and the other he linked to his watch chain, where it remained till he died. What a sweet fancy it all was!

He spent the last months of his life in Bermuda in the home of one of his angel fish, Helen Allen, daughter of the American vice consul there. She was his daily companion, and it will be her lifelong happy memory that she brightened and comforted his final days.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Ladies' World.

SHOCKED THE GUIDE.

The Visitor at the National Capitol Was of the Kind That Come Prepared to Kick.

A big man with a fierce, bristling gray beard and wearing a broad brimmed slouch hat marched down the main corridor of the capitol, closely followed by a guide at a dogtrot. They had inspected statuary hall and the rotunda and looked in at the chamber of the supreme court, and the visitor had made no other comment on the sights shown him than to utter an occasional grunt, snort or growl.

The big man paused at the end of the corridor and jerked his head toward a carpeted passage.

"What's them burglars doing today?" he demanded.

"The senate is not in session, sir," said the guide in a shocked voice.

After the visitor had departed the guide sat down on his chair in front of the statue of Daniel Webster and mopped his heated brow.

"That's one kind that comes here," he said. "We have all kinds, but his style is the hardest to deal with. Called the senate burglars—you heard him—and he kicked at everything else I showed him. That kind comes prepared to kick. They ain't got no patriotism at all, and a United States senator ain't no more to them than a doorkeeper. Why, I'm afraid to take men like him into the supreme court. Likely as not they'll say something disrespectful right out loud. Do you know what that one said when I showed him statuary hall? He says, 'Who are all these crooks?' Then he wanted to know how much all them statues cost the government and who got the rakeoff. I told him they were given by the states, and he said that was once when the states put one over.

"You wouldn't think," said the guide, with a sigh, "that patriotic Americans could come here and be so callous about the things they see. They seem to begrudge giving a dollar to be shown the place where Webster stood when he made his reply to Hayne. I don't know what the country's coming to. I've been a guide here twenty years, but I never thought I'd live to hear the senate called burglars."—Washington Cor. Kansas City Star.

LIGHTNING VERSUS STEAM.

Testing the Telegraph In the Early Days of Its Invention.

Years ago, when the electric telegraph was a new idea and a mystery to the masses, there came trouble one Saturday night in the Bank of England. The business of the day had closed and the balance was not right. There was a deficit of just £100. It was not the money, but the error, that must be found. For the officers and the clerks there could be no sleep until the mystery had been cleared up. All that night and all Sunday a force of men were busy; money was surely gone from the vaults, but no one could discover whence.

On the following morning a clerk suggested that the mistake might have occurred in packing for the West Indies some boxes of specie that had been sent to Southampton for shipment. His chief acted on the suggestion. Here was an opportunity to test the powers of the telegraph—lightning against steam, and steam with forty-eight hours the start. Very soon the telegraph asked a man in Southampton, "Has the ship Mercator sailed?"

The answer came back, "Just weighing anchor."

"Stop her in the queen's name," flashed back the telegraph. "She is stopped," was returned.

"Have on deck certain boxes (marks given), weigh them carefully and let me know the result," telegraphed the chief.

This order was obeyed, and one box was found to be somewhere about one pound and ten ounces heavier than its mates—just the weight of the missing sovereigns. "All right. Let the ship go!" was the next order.

The West India house was debited with the £100 and the Bank of England was at peace again.—Harper's Weekly.

Hallucinations of Henbane.

Henbane bears a remarkable reputation for creating the most extraordinary hallucinations. Dr. Houlton relates that some monks who ate the roots by mistake for parsnips transformed their monastery into a lunatic asylum. One monk rang the bell for matins at midnight, and of those of the community who attended some could not read, others "fancied the letters were running about like ants," and some read what was not in their books. Even the exhalations from these pretty but very poisonous flowers produce these weird effects.—Westminster Gazette.

The Adoration of the Wig.

Wigs were never so popular as in the reign of Charles II. The author of "The Beaux and the Dandies" tells us that "when Cibber played Sir Fopling Flutter his wig was so much admired that he had it carried to the footlights every evening in a sedan chair, from which it was handed to him that he might put it on his head."

Woes of Wealth.

"Then wealth doesn't bring happiness?"

"No. Since we inherited money my people don't want me to loaf in the grocery. And I can't get no comfort out of loafing in a bank. The hours are too short."—Pittsburg Post.

Placing the Blame.

Judge (to burglar on trial)—Have you anything to say, prisoner? Burglar—Yes, your honor. I was only actin' on me doctor's advice to take somethin' afore goin' ter bed.—Boston Transcript.

THE HENPECKED CLUB.

Curious Demonstrations of a Queer Society In Lancashire, England, Often Lead to Trouble.

Of all the queer clubs that exist in the world you will find some of the queerest in Lancashire, England. One of these is called the Henpecked club. As the title indicates, its members are all males, and you can come across a club in almost every Lancashire town of any size.

The meetings are held, as a rule, in some bar parlor, and the discussions are about members and often nonmembers who have the reputation of being henpecked. When evidence has been brought to show that a particular man has allowed himself to come under his wife's thumb they tax him with it in the place of meeting. The president delivers a lecture on the danger of a husband permitting his wife to usurp his position as master, and when the others have indorsed his remarks the person to whom the speeches are addressed is warned that if he continues to stand the henpecking he will be made the subject of a demonstration.

The announcement that a "henpecked" club demonstration is to take place is received in the district with mixed feelings. The men applaud it, and the local police, recalling similar displays that led to trouble, become a little anxious. On the evening appointed the members of the club meet at a public house, where they arm themselves with all kinds of household utensils; then, led by concertina players or a tin whistle band, they start out and march along the crowded streets of the district.

One man carries a broom, another a swab, a third a shovel or a coal scuttle or a fender or a poker. Fire tongs, blacklead brushes, washtubs, buckets—everything used in the home, in fact—is carried shoulder high. As they march along to the music in front and the discordant clanging of their baggage they sing snatches of songs in which the name of the victim occurs often.

The mission of the verses, which have been specially composed for the occasion by a local poet, is to hold up the henpecked one to ridicule, the reason for the demonstrators bearing the household goods being, of course, to remind him that, having fallen under petticoat government, he will quickly become the slavey.

When they reach the cottage where their victim resides they form a circle in front of the door and sing and clang their fenders and coal scuttles more loudly than ever.

The man inside is invoked by the president during a halt in the program to "be a man" and join his brethren. Sometimes if he looks upon the affair as more of a joke than anything else he does their bidding, and they reform and march to headquarters with him at their head. Usually, however, his wife appears instead with a bucket of soapy water, which she promptly throws over the demonstrators, or she quickly causes a clearance with a hose pipe.

To the onlooker it is just an exhibition for laughter and nothing more, but behind the scenes there is generally a lot of trouble and heartaching. A good number of these "henpecked" demonstrations have sequels in police courts. Sometimes it is an enraged victim being charged with assaulting a demonstrator, but more often than not the sequel shows a wife appealing to the magistrate for a separation order.—London Tit-Bits.

A Bullet Stopped the Game.

Alfred de Musset, the poet and dramatist, was almost as fond of chess as of poetry. He played nearly every night at the Cafe de la Regence, and even the revolution of February, 1848, did not divert him from his habit. He turned up as usual and, finding no one there to play with, insisted that the waiter should make a game for him. The waiter did so, though a fusillade was raging in the street outside, and all went well until a musket bullet smashed a mirror in immediate proximity to the board. Musset was anxious to continue in spite of the interruption, but his opponent would not. "With monsieur's permission," he said, "we will adjourn the game until after the republic has been proclaimed."—Paris Gaulois.

Sentimental Juries.

Maitre Henri Robert, the most famous advocate in criminal cases at the Paris bar, told an audience almost entirely composed of ladies that before any jury a woman with some youth, some looks and a pretty voice has fifty chances out of a hundred of being acquitted, whereas a man would have only one. If she knows how to shed tears at the right moment she need not worry—a verdict of not guilty is a dead certainty.—Paris Letter.

What Was Lacking.

The Hobo—Please, mum, I'm a sick man. De doctor gimme dis medicine, but I needs assistance in takin' it. The Lady—Poor fellow! Do you want a spoon and a glass of water? The Hobo—No, mum; I wouldn't trouble yer. But dis medicine has to be took before meals. Have yer got a meal handy?—Cleveland Leader.

Trouble In the Air.

Husband—You don't go shopping with Mrs. Nearby any more? Wife—No. The last time we went she wanted a remnant that I wanted.—Judge.

Not Homemade.

Defending Counsel (to witness in bandages)—Are you married? Witness—No; I was knocked down by a cab last week.

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JUSTICE A RARA AVIS.

The decision in the assault case of Dr. Washington, in which his white assailant was dismissed without fine or punishment, is but one more proof of the almost utter futility of a Negro getting justice in the criminal courts when a white man figures in the case against him. Ulrich, the assailant, charged that Dr. Washington had insulted his wife. Proof was in evidence that he testified falsely when he stated that the woman was his wife, for she was a Mrs. Alvarez, with whom he was living in adultery. Mrs. Alvarez, who first testified she was the wife of Ulrich proved by her own admission that she was not his wife. Yet when the case came to final trial the testimony of these two white persons whose own testimony had established the increditability of their case was accepted as against the testimony of a Negro whose entire life had been above reproach, and whose entire life has been one of unselfish devotion to his own people and of kindness to the whites. But when the Coatesville and Oklahoma brutal and known lynchers, and lynchers of Negroes in every part of the country are discharged without fine or punishment, what more could we have expected? What other decision could we expect in a case where a Negro's word is pitted against a white man's words?

This case does not concern Dr. Washington alone. It concerns the whole race. It concerns every Negro, whether he agrees or differs with the Tuskegean industrial education propaganda, for it is a matter of Negroes securing justice in the courts. It has been an established rule in the courts, at least where whites are plaintiffs and defendants, that the characters of the witnesses weighed for or against their testimony. But when a Negro is the plaintiff or defendant the testimony of the vilest white man or woman, and whose vileness has been established by the court records, is accepted against the Negro. Ulrich, a self-confessed adulterer and an escape from justice, and Mrs. Alvarez, his paramour, with aliases, a self-confessed adulteress, is accepted in preference of a Negro whose life has been, and is above reproach. There is one conclusion, however, little though that may be, that one of the justices, Justice O'Keefe, like the late and immortal Justice Harlan, in cases effecting the rights of Negroes, dissented from his colleagues, and stood out in favor of punishment for Ulrich, the assailant. The expense and great sacrifice of time Dr. Washington made in going across the country three times to prosecute his assailant, will be accepted, by all fair men, as evidence of his innocence. No guilty man would go to many hundreds of dollars expense, great inconvenience and loss of time to prosecute, when a nolle prosse offers a simple and inexpensive way out. But Dr. Washington, conscious of his innocence, and strong in his belief that justice might be had, positively would not agree to a nolle prosse. Verily, for a Negro, justice is becoming a rara avis.

KNOCKERS AND SQUEALERS.

In Washington, as elsewhere, we have among our good citizens a few nondescripts who have drifted from other sections, not for their health, but for the good of the community which they left, and forgetful of their infinitesimal status at home commence (after providing themselves, from their first month's pay, with a pair of eye-glasses, cane and a cheap pair of spats) to knock their fellows whether they are in the pulpit, schools, doctors, lawyers, or dentists, etc., it's all the same. They start their hammers, not in the anvil chorus style, but in a manner befitting their small souls. This class will extend the hand of fellowship with a "Judas" grin on their Uriah Heap mugs, and then commence to knock some preacher, teacher, lawyer or doctor, with the admonition not to tell who furnished the information. These vipers can stand any amount of adulation, and if by chance their names should appear in print, outside of the police court transcript, they swell out like a puffer pigeon, and load the mails with marked copies for innocents abroad to swallow. But, let some fair and honest criticism of their doings get an airing, the knockers soon become squealers, and forget their record as knockers, and give, like a stuck pig, a squeal Their virtuous indignation carries them sometimes, to the point of consulting some sundown attorney with a view of procuring, through legal methods, some soothing syrup for their lacerated feelings in the shape of ducats. Their memory is so short that they fail to recall certain shady transactions, political and otherwise, in which they figured as Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde, and which would be powerful copy for the printer, and startling information for the reader. The Knockers, as such, are self-important, but most always an accident, and are like Jim Jeffries—can't come back—hence, when confronted with an inside view of self become Squealers and endeavor to extract sympathy from those whose good character and reputation they have jeopardized by the insidious remarks emanating from their smooth and oily tongues. The Editor of The Bee is the champion of free speech, and is a bitter foe to stilletto arguments; his motto is a fair field and no favor. When, by accident or misinformation, The Bee should do injustice to the humblest citizen, the editor is man enough to make the amends honorable and not seek to hide behind his editorial privilege. If calling attention to wrong-doings as he sees them, offends the Knockers to the extent that they become Squealers, he would advise all such to mend their ways and repent of their weaknesses and become truthful persons. By so doing they may be regenerated and become good and useful citizens.

INSPIRING CAREERS.

Too often, when selecting characters to hold before the young as fitting subjects for emulation; as characters to inspire the on-coming generation, we confine ourselves to those of the sterner sex—men. Too frequently we overlook the fact that the possessor of the hand that rocks the cradle moves the world because she is possessed of many traits, many accomplishments, and best of all character, the acceptance of which as a guide we give to young men, as well as young women, the inspiration to the forward movement. Washington is rich with colored women whose lives and careers present the acme of highest aims—that furnish the very foundation stone upon which to build that superstructure—high ideals and lofty achievements. There is Mary Church Terrell, splendidly aggressive, whose exceptionally brilliant attainments make her the peer of the cleverest of her fairer sisters through whose veins run an hundred per cent of Caucasian blood. There is Coranlie Franklin Cook with an intellect as keen and glistening as the newly-wrought Damaskan blade, and embellished with that culture and womanly grace which would have made her shine, in comparison, had her life been staged in Mme. de Stael's solon of brilliant wits. And there is Dr. Lucy Moten, with all the grace, the charm, mannerism and mentality of some of the most gifted Caucasians of the feminine gender. These, and other women right here in our midst, might profitably be held up before our boys, as well as our girls, as shining examples of what results from a conservation of brain and exercise of energy—of what is possible in the race. And if the careers—the lives—of these colored women, and others whom we may have occasion to refer to at some later period, cannot furnish inspiration for our youths, then, indeed, nowhere down the vista of the past is there lodged one single hope for a bright future. But no people that produces women such as these is without hope. And the lives and careers of women such as these must assuredly inspire the present and on-coming contingent of colored youths.

WASHINGTON'S NEW BOOK.

Dr. Booker T. Washington's latest book, "My Larger Education," is just from the publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co. This new work is really a continuation from where he left off in his "Up From Slavery," which had such a wonderful sale. "My Larger Education" fairly teems with interest, telling as it does in a straight, frank manner his relations to his own people, to the Southern white people and with men of prominence everywhere. In many respects, we regard it as Dr. Washington's best work, and when it is remembered that his "Up From Slavery" was intensely interesting, and exceptionally popular, to say that this latest work of his is his best is paying high tribute to it. One whole chapter in "My Larger Education" is devoted to President Roosevelt, and for the first time since that famous Roosevelt dinner, Dr. Washington breaks the seal on his lips and tells of that dinner, of the facts leading up to it, and the incidents and criticism following it. In a perfectly frank manner he also tells of his political experiences, and how he came to take any interest whatever in politics, though a careful reading of his frank statements will influence his readers to justify that interest. No one should fail to read this most interesting work by this most wonderful man. In it are many facts with which we have not before been conversant, and many things that will be of value to us as an education. The volume is illustrated quite attractively. No other career or book throws such a direct light on the events and changes following the time of the disappearance of fierce sectionalism, and of the South's rapidly growing importance as Washington's career and Washington's latest work, "My Larger Education." It is a work of such intense interest that once you begin reading it you cannot lay the volume down until the last chapter has been finished.

In Dr. Washington's latest book, "My Larger Education," a fine reference is made to Mr. J. C. Napier, Register of the Treasury, and it is a most deserving reference to that splendid man whose signature makes complete our money.

ELECTION RESULTS.

An analysis of Tuesday's election returns furnishes encouragement for both parties. On the whole, however, the Republicans can find much more to feel elated over than the Democrats. They have added Maryland to their column; New York returns to the fold with a Republican Assembly; New Jersey's legislature is Republican in both branches, a distinct gain; Nebraska was swept by the Republicans, Massachusetts elects her entire State ticket, except Governor, and Foss' plurality is reduced to a fifth of what it was a year ago. And the old Bay State's legislature is Republican by an increased majority. New Mexico, our new State, will send two Republican United States Senators to the Senate, and Rhode Island remains Republican. On the other hand the Democrats hold Kentucky, gain a Congressman in Kansas, where a Progressive Republican went down to defeat in a Republican district. The four large cities of Ohio, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Columbus and Toledo, went Democratic, it is true, but the result in these four cities is not significant, for the reason that the campaign in all these cities was conducted on purely local issues, with national issues not entering even in the smallest degree. On the whole, the Republicans are much the gainers in the elections held last Tuesday, and the Democrats lost greatly more than they won, the net being a loss to that party. The net result showed that the pendulum is swinging back again.

UNAPPRECIATED CHARITY.

There are some of our best colored women who decline to assist in charity work where the beneficiaries are the girls and women of our own race, on the plea that colored female domestics decline to work for their own color. And this is sadly true. The very women who are laboring to make the ball a success on December 8, and who will be up that night until the wee sma' hours in their effort to realize a fund for the Social Settlement will have to arise early the next morning and do their own housework just because colored domestics refuse to work for their own color. Here is a subject some of our good pastors can enlarge upon with their flocks, and here is a subject that the Rev. J. Milton Waldron can talk about before his church before he censures the whites too hard about their discriminations against the colored race. With white domestics crowding colored domestics out of places in white families and homes, and with their refusal to work for their own color, colored domestics must either starve or subsist upon the charity provided for by the very women whom they refuse to labor for. And how long will colored women continue to provide charity for such people. This is a most serious question that must be answered.

THE NEXT CHAIRMAN.

Those colored men who are so much exercised about who will be the next chairman of the Republican National Committee should possess their souls with patience. He will be chosen by the members of the National Committee, and not by colored correspondents or colored newspapers. And when chosen it will be his aim to so manage the campaign as to bring about the election of President Taft, and not advance the interest of some individual, black or white. And it will be his place and not colored correspondents, to plan that campaign and select his lieutenants, and it will be our duty to fall in and help make the campaign a success, doing whatever our hands and brains find to do. There will be honors enough to go around, and there will be work enough for all to do. When the bell taps for the next Presidential race our first duty will be to close up the line and forward march, forgetting petty jealousies, petty differences and personal ambitions. Whoever the next chairman may be, he will be a wise man, and one pledged and wedded to Republican policies and principles. So lets possess our souls with patience.

VICTORY.

The elections last Tuesday showed which way the wind was blowing. The Democratic party might as well hang its head up against the wall. The handwriting for 1912 is in sight. The Republicans and the people are satisfied that a change in the administration will be disastrous to the country. Just what consolation Messrs. Bryan and Champ Clark can get out of the election The Bee is unable to say. Governor Wilson has met his doom. He is no longer a Democratic Presidential possibility. Bryan is numbered among the has-beens, because Nebraska has left him. Gorman, in Maryland, and its unconstitutional amendments will be handed down to posterity and placarded on the devil's workshop. Old Kentucky has left us; Massachusetts, that proud State of liberty, went with the wicked. Ohio played a wicked game and went with the unruly. However, enough good remained with the Republican ship of State to let the Democratic party know that a Republican President will be elected in 1912.

JUDGE PUGH.

When President Taft appointed Judge James L. Pugh, of the Police Court, he appointed a man with a soul and sound faculties. There is no man on the bench who is more respected and honored than this distinguished jurist. He demands that his court be respected by everybody who comes before him. Aside from his legal ability he is a humanitarian, and if he commits an error he is not the man to refuse to correct it. Beyond all doubt he is the most popular and best liked judge that has ever presided in the Police Court. He is a Southerner, and he has a keen conception of the character of defendants who come before him.

In Dr. Washington's case, two judges handed down the majority decision that "the assault was not provened," and upon this dismissed the defendant, Ulrich. Four witnesses, including two police officers, testified to witnessing the assault. Ulrich, the defendant, was the only witness who testified that no assault was made. Four reputable witnesses gave unimpeachable testimony that the assault was committed, and another witness gave testimony that assault was not committed. In the face of four against one, two judges gave a decision in favor of the white defendant. What a travesty on justice!

NO HOPE FOR 1912.

Just what consolation the Democratic party can get out of Tuesday's elections The Bee would like to know. Ohio, Massachusetts and Kentucky will return to the Republican columns in 1912, just the same as New York, New Jersey and Maryland did last Tuesday. The American people are no fools. They know that it would be disastrous to the republic to allow the Democratic party to get control of the government next year. Mr. Gorman could not pull through on the memory of his father. There is no hope for the Democratic party in 1912.

BIEBER NOT BEHIND THE HOWARD.

The Bee has been creditably informed that Mr. Sidney Bieber has nothing to do with the Howard Theater, but it is managed entirely by Andrew J. Thomas, and "subject to the dictation of no one." The wish of The Bee is that the theater will succeed under its new management and be encouraged by the people.

HOLIDAY ADVERTISEMENTS

Now is the time for the merchants and all other business people to advertise in The Bee. Don't fail to advertise now. Send a card for our advertising representative to call. There are ninety thousand colored people in this city, and they all are doing fairly well. Advertise in The Bee, and you can't help getting some of them. The Bee is the only organ of the colored people in this city. It is the people's paper.

NUTTER AND LIGHTFOOT.

The Bee extends its congratulations to Messrs. Nutter and Lightfoot, of Atlantic City, N. J., on their splendid Republican victory. These two young Republicans rendered yeoman service to their party and the ticket supported by them.

DR. CORROTHERS.

Rev. S. L. Corrothers, the distinguished pastor of Galbraith Church, is how celebrating his tenth anniversary, and the fifty-eighth anniversary of the founding of Galbraith Church. The exercises grow more interesting daily. The Bee congratulates Dr. Corrothers.

WILL CORRECT ERRORS.

Have The Bee sent to your home. It is the only organ the colored people have in this city. When you see it in The Bee it is true. The Bee is always willing and ready to correct an error.

Every dog has its day.

But the cat appropriates the night.

An explanation explains nothing, says Elbert Hubbard.

Mrs. Harris herself exonerated herself from any connection with the alleged irregular appointment of her daughter, by an explanation at the last meeting of the board.

It is an aphorism too true that "a man once did sell the lion's skin while the beast still lived, and was killed white hunting him."

Don't worry about The Bee. It has written the obituary of many of its enemies. It is the barking dog that cows when he is struck.

The Bee leads and all others follow. For thirty-three years there has sprung up in this city hundreds of mushrooms, only to die and fade away.

The Bee is the people's representative. Don't fail to have it come to your homes.

Two weeks have elapsed and Prof. Kelly Miller has not written any letter in defense of his bosom friend. But the professor has other fish to fry and other dumplins to bake now.

President Thirkield, jealous of Howard's reputation, and solocitous for Howard's future, is not presumed to look with exactly distinct favor upon any member of the faculty who may directly or indirectly, intentionally or unintentionally bring the great university into a heated controversy.

What is progressivism? To a white man in the far West it means the initiative and referendum and recall. To the Easterner it is wanted to mean conservatism, but to the Negro, matters not in what part of the country, it means nothing if it does not mean conservation of human rights and exercise of citizen privileges.

G. O. P. VICTORY.

Atlantic City, N. J.,
Nov. 8, 1911.

W. Calvin Chase,
1109 Eye St. N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

G. O. P. victory here. Big majority.

JAMES A. LIGHTFOOT.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Patomac.)

If there is one subject that will never cease to be discussed around these diggings its the Capitol Savings Bank, and funny, though true it is that most of those who discuss it never had so much as a postage stamp on disposit. A bunch of us, down at the club—that is a street corner—were discussing the old defunct bank the other day, and upon the most careful inventory, not one in the bunch ever had an occasion to even draw their breath at the bank, much less draw a check on the bank. Well this bunch of financiers in memorium were telling how this fellow took all the doe, and how the other fellow went south with a bunch of coin. One fellow said that when the bank went down, or up, he had just about made up his mind to deposit a neat sum. Another direct decendent of Baron Munchausen said that if that bank hadn't failed he would be worth considerable now. I don't know how, for he never had so much as a four-card flush when the bank was in existence, and since it failed he hasn't had enough at any time to wad a gun. But oh these romancers, and if a town ever had its share of them, Washington has her share. But most of these first cousins to Munchausen around here are what Chase, in his default of the proper adjective, calls "interlopers;" I never heard the Capitol Savings Bank knocked harder than Pete Peters knocked it one day down at the old Metropole Club, and Pete, who worked awfully hard about one day in the year, had just two dollars and forty cents on deposit in the Capitol, and he drew that out three days after he put it in. I confess I never had any money in the bank, and I am awfully sorry that I didn't, because if I had, I could pose now as a millionaire who had lost all his coin in the blowing up of a bank. What funny things a fellow sees when he aint got his gun.

* * *

I don't know what made me think of Henry Baker when I got my mind on that late, lemented Capitol Savings Bank. But somehow or another, intuitively, my mind wondered to this son of Ham who at one time aspired to be a "middy" in Uncle Sam's service. Now when that bank went up—sh! sh!! sh!! don't mention it to a blooming soul, Henry was greatly embarrassed. But Henry's a fellow what's got great recuperative powers. It didn't take him long after a few others went broke to get on his feet. Henry is what I would call, in my moments of mental abnegation, a financier. If you don't believe it, just go up and go through that beautiful $10,000 residence of his. Henry came back, but lots of them couldn't. Henry has all the get-there ability of Morse. I was up to his house last summer, and when I glimpsed around at his beautiful lawn, and peeped through his spacious rooms, I thought, what need he care if the old bank did go to join the French imperialists. Some men came out of that bank failure with clean hands, some came out with a carload of debts, some came out with reputations just a bit singed, but O you Henry, you came out on Ezy street, or rather you got on that boulevard after the bank passed into innocuous desuetude. But mebby that kid aint some ability! He started in over at the Patent Office on a salary that was in the lowest grade, and now he's a $2100 man, and nobody helped him. The fact that he at one time was the financial lieutenant of Barean Baptist Church, and that fact that he had a distant connection with Capitol Savings Bank didn't help him, he just got down and rooted, while a lot of daubs were discussing failures. Henry was intended for service in the U. S. Navy, and at one time was a "middy" at the Annapolis Academy, but he got cold feet, and decided he was cut out for a financier. I would like to see Henry at the head of Riggs' Bank, just to see what he would do with it. Rigg's stock is pretty high now, I know, but I'll bet a copy of Pierepont Morgan's signature against a share of stock in the Lincoln Memorial Building Co., that Henry could send it several points higher, and might, if he had time, send it out of reach of lots of people. Henry Baker is a keen little chap, quick on his feet, and quick with his gray matter. While a lot of people stand around the corners and talk—just talk—Henry's at work getting his. I know a certain real estate dealer who they say is always just about fifteen minutes out of jail, and that's simply because he takes desperate chances. Now Henry takes no desperate chances, he just lays up against those sure snaps, and comes off in the O. K. class. You can all confab as much as you like about him, and if he heard all that was said about him he'd go and plug up his ears with moulten lead, but the fellow's got so much industry about his clothes, and so much real ability hid away in the recesses of his gray matter that he can't help but lay down a safe bunt every time he comes to the bat. And Henry is one leghorn that never sets on a political egg. He just attends to his own business, gets his, and quietly, though beautifully lives in that $10,000 manison of his out in Sherman avenue. He's so busy now, and so intent on improving his own opportunities that he wouldn't spend the fifth part of a second discussing such ancient history as the Capitol Savings Bank. And he's right at that.

* * *

I was sitting down in Gaskin's, Saturday trying to put my molars through what the waiter told me was a surloin, when I heard a couple of men talking in the next room. From their conversation I imagined that they were school teachers who just got away from the maddening crowd in order to find out if Gaskin's was still selling Schlitz beer at the old price of ten cents a bottle. I know they don't drink beer, because I heard one of them tell the waiter to bring up a couple of ginger ale high balls. Now a ginger ale high ball is made with about two fingers of ginger ale, a bit of ice, about five fingers of cook-

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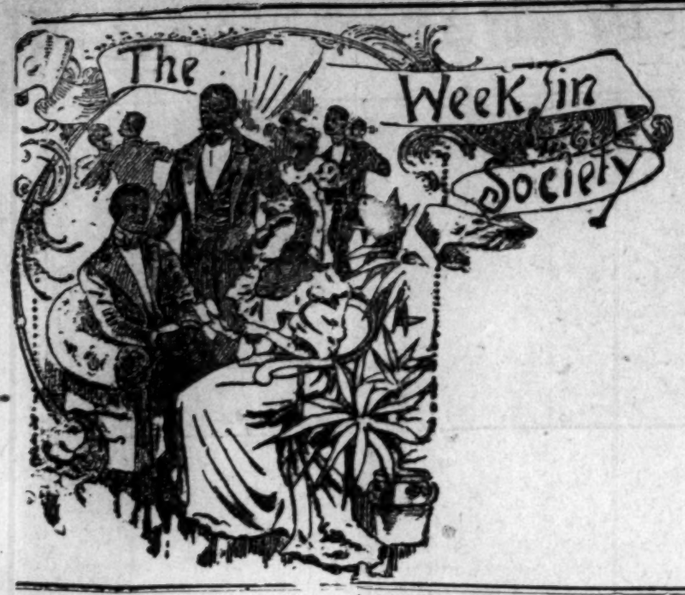


The Board & McGuire Drug Co., with stores at 1912½ 14th St., and 9th and You Sts., N. W., report the beginning of the heaviest fall trade in the history of their business. This firm has always stood for QUALITY in drugs and medicines, as well as in their famous ice cream soda, and quality always draws the discriminating buyer.

Mr. John W. Lewis spent several days in Richmond, Va., last wek.

Mr. William H. Burrell has returned to this city after spending a week in Philadelphia visiting Miss Lailia Williams.

Mrs. M. F. Hackney and children have returned to this city from Hunington, W. Va.

Mrs. Bertie Scott, her daughter, Miss Nannie and Dr. Samuel Gray of Martinsburg, W. Va., spent Sunday, Oct. 29th in this city.

Invitations are out announcing the marriage of Miss Leah Viola Randolph to Dr. J. Francis Johnson of this city, on Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1911, at 103 Astor Place, Jersey City, N. J.

Miss M. Ellis of this city is visiting friends in Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Lillian Bernard of Baltimore, Md., was a recent visitor to this city.

Dunbarville is getting to be a popular week end retreat.

Mr. Wm. H. Lewis was in Boston, Tuesday to vote and on Wednesday he delivered an address at Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary C. Terrell has returned after a fortnight's absence on a lecture tour in Ohio and Indiana.

James A. Cobb, so rumor says, has purchased a round trip ticket to Wilmington, Del., good for a whole year.

Mr. A. Walker, while enroute to his home in New York City, last Saturday from Virginia, where he visited his parents, spent several hours in this city with his brothers, Messrs. J. L. and J. B. Walker.

Mr. G. C. Scarlett was the recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson in Baltimore.

Many Washingtonians will visit Baltimore next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Brown are on their honeymoon in this city. They will reside in Baltimore.

Mr. Henry P. Slaughter was called to Louisville, Ky., last week to attend the funeral of his mother, Mrs. Sarah J. Slaughter. Mr. Slaughter has the sympathy of his many friends.

Miss Ida Holmes, Mrs. John P. Turner and Mr. George Robinson, have returned to their homes in Philadelphia after a pleasant visit to this city.

Mrs. Sadie Peebles McMurry left for her home in Pine Bluff, Ark., Monday after spending several weeks in this city with her mother and sisters on D Street, S. E.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Walker are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Puells, in Everett, Mass.

Rev. D. W. Hays was in Baltimore last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Peters of Newport, R. I. are spending their honeymoon in this city.

Mr. Arthur Reynolds returned home on Wednesday of last week from New York City where he had been spending several months.

Miss Louise Bronaugh is visiting her mother in New York City.

Recorder J. C. Doney has returned to the city from the East.

Col. Henry Lincoln Johnson, recorder of deeds, who went to Atlantic City last week has returned to this city.

Miss Virginia Williams who has been south for several months will return to the city next month.

Dr. J. W. Morse has the gem drug store in the northwest. Prescriptions carefully compounded by registered clerks.

Advertise in the new directory, it will pay you.

If you want the leading paper have The Bee sent to your house.

Rev. J. Anderson Taylor has moved to 1525 S street, N. W.

If you want first-class job work done write or call at 1109 Eye Street, N. W., W. Calvin Chase, Jr., manager and proprietor.

Have The Bee to follow you.

Dr. John W. Morse, 20th and L streets, N. W. is regarded to be one of the best known druggist in the city. If you want first class toilet articles, you should not fail to call on Dr. Morse.

Major Arthur Brooks was in Chicago with the President last week.

Miss Naomi Toppen spent Sunday the guest of friends in Baltimore, Md.

Watch for the marriages next month.

The Fleur-de-Lis Club, of the M Street High School, gives their first dance of the season this month. Miss Ruth Jackson, who is president of this popular club, is one of the most popular young ladies, not only of the school, but city. She comes from an old and well-known family. Encourage this young lady by giving her your support and patronage at the different entertainments this club will give during the school year.

Col. John R. Marshall, of Chicago, Ill., was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Cabaniss, while visiting this city. On last Monday evening he was entertained at dinner by Dr. J. R. Wilder, at which a large number of prominent gentlemen were present. Col. Marshall left Washington for his home on last Tuesday.

Don't pass Morse'r Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest.

Last Friday evening the Central Pennsylvania Medical Society held a public meeting in the city of Harrisburg. Dr. H. C. Scurlock, of this city, professor of Chemistry in Howard University and president of the Medico-Chirurgical Society, delivered the principal address on the subject "The Preservation of Health." Mrs. Scurlock accompanied him to Harrisburg.

FAIRMOUNT HEIGHTS NEWS.

Terrible Fire.

Tuesday night, November 7, about 10 o'clock, fire was discovered in the basement or cellar of the home of Mr. H. H. Cardoza, on the corner of Clark and Eastern Avenues. The fire gained considerable headway, but by heroic efforts on the part of neighbors, the house was saved. The damage to the house and furniture may be estimated at about $2,000.

Personals.

Rev. T. J. Smith, the pastor of the Fairmount Heights Presbyterian Church, has tendered his resignation. The community regrets very much to lose Rev. Smith, but it is the hope that his loss to Fairmount Heights will result in a corresponding gain to himself.

Hon. Phillips Lee Goldsborough, Republican, won out in Maryland, and the disfranchisement amendment was defeated.

Mrs. Josephine G. Morton, who has been on the sick list, has returned to the school room again.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Parker have moved into their cozy and comfortably arranged home on White Avenue, and are perfectly happy. They both are very excellent young people. They are a great addition to the community. Fairmount Heights extends to them the right hand of fellowship.

Mr. John R. Parker has purchased lots 16, 17 and 18, in Block A, Fairmount Heights. He intends to erect a beautiful home in the near future.

Mr. James F. Armstrong is making extensive improvements to his home place in the nature of a barn and fence.

Mrs. P. W. Pittman continues to improve, greatly to the satisfaction of the people in this section.

Messrs. W. R. Smallwood, O. S. Metzrott, H. Wildman and other candidates for the Maryland House of Delegates were at the public hall Friday night, November 3, 1911. They discussed the issues of the day. The meeting was a success.

The last session of the political school was held Monday night. Notwithstanding the downpour of rain the hall was crowded to overflowing, and the voters were well prepared to cast their vote Tuesday, November 7. A great interest is being shown in the election.

A good citizen declared his intention to become a citizen more than a year ago; he lost his certificate, and was unable to register, therefore unable to cast his vote; he, while on his way to the polls, said: "Well, I know I can't vote. They would not let me register because I lost my declaration certificate, but I'm going over there to satisfy my wife." Even the women are interested in the State and county elections.

The M. E. Church will be ready on the first Sunday in December. The Sabbath school is excellent, there being more than forty pupils in average attendance. The present quarters are too small to accommodate the people.

CARD OF THANKS

Washington, D. C.,
November 9, 1911

I wish to state in your paper that the kindness of the people and neighbors of Fairmount Heights in extinguishing the fire at Mr. A. J. Choate's house, now occupied by Mrs. Harry Cardoza, is appreciated and will be remembered.

A. J. Choates

Dr. John W. Morse, of the Gem Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest, has everything that a first-class druggist possesses. Drop in.

GALBRAITH CHURCH.

Tenth Anniversary of the Pastorate of Rev. Corrothers—Great Exercises and Distinguished Speakers.

Sunday, November 12th.

11 A. M.—The pastor will speak on the text, "Seeing we are surrounded with such a good crowd of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and run the race with patience."

8 P. M.—"The unsaved compared to the valley of dry bones."

Tuesday, November 14th

The Elks of the District of Columbia will attend in a body, at which time an address will be made by Attorney J. Lewis Taylor, and others, on "The Mission of the Elks."

Wednesday, November 15th.

The Nimrod Encampment, No. 1, of the Ancient Order of the Sons and Daughters of Jerusalem, will attend the church in a body to witness the presentation of a medal to Gen. Carter Purdy.

Thursday, November 16th.

Fraternal Night.. The following fraternal organizations have been requested to attend the church in a body:

The Odd Fellows; The Moses; the Drivers' and Plumbers' Union; The Tents.

The organization bringing the largest number of persons will be presented with a medal.

Friday, November 17th.

There will be a Union Service of the class leaders of all the Methodist Churches in the District of Columbia.

Sunday, November 19th.

11 A. M.—The pastor will speak on the text, "The Power and Magnetism of the Cross of Christ."

8 P. M.—"The city of the soul and our future companions."

Monday, November 20th.

This will be known as Citizens' Night, and the following program will be observed:

"Zion at the Nation's Capital"—Rev. Logan Johnson, D. D.

"Zion as a Factor in the Uplift of the Citizens"—Attorney George C. Scurlock.

"Zion as an Educational Force."—S. J. Janifer, M. A., and Lawyer J. H. M. Young.

"The Importance of the Church and School."—Dr. W. S. Montgomery.

"The Public's Estimate of Zion"—Dr. J. M. Waldron, D. D.

An Original Poem—Dr. L. C. Moore.

"Zion as a Contribution to Negro Independence"—Rev. I. N. Ross.

"The Press as a Factor in Race Elevation"—Hon. W. C. Chase.

"Has the Negro Made Good?"—Hon. James A. Cobb.

Several solos will be rendered by prominent individuals. Music for the occasion will be furnished by a male choir.

The choir of Galbraith, under the direction of Prof. Broadnax, gives promise of becoming one of the leading choirs of the Capital City, and will provide special music for the anniversary.

To all of these exercises the public is most cordially invited.

In order to raise a sufficient sum to meet the running obligation, complete the repairs upon the new parsonage and to make a payment upon the principal debt, the following assessments after a conference with the leaders and officers have been made:

Class No. 1, Osborne Lee and James A. Davis, leaders, $100; Class No. 2, Charles Ashton, leader, $300; Class No. 3, Edward Wells, leader, $200; Class No. 4, Jacob Fenderson, leader, $150; Class No. 5, Charles Lively, leader, $300; Class No. 6, Nelson Murdock, leader, $325; Class No. 7, Charles Neill, leader, $125; Class No. 8, Benjamin Williams, leader, $150; Class No. 9, Thomas Hawkins, leader, $125; Class No. 10, Mary Shaw, leader, $100; Christian Endeavor Society, F. W. Spriggs, president, $25; making a total of $1,900.

Trustees.

Edward Greenleaf, president.
Lawyer G. C. Scurlock, Secretary.
Henry Smith, Treasurer.
I. J. D. Lipscomb, Asst. Treas.
Charles Lively, Rec. Secretary.
H. J. Bolden.
James A. Davis, Clerk of Class Leaders' Fund.
Bennie Williams, Arthur Sparrow, John Scott, Inspector of Plumbing.
S. L. Corrothers, pastor.

Seasons may come and seasons may change, but the crowds go on forever at the two drug stores of Board & McGuire, 1912½ 14th St. and 9th and You Sts. N. W. Two places

RECEPTION TO MR. LEWIS.

One of the Greatest Social Events of This City.

Invitations are out for a reception and banquet to be given the Hon. William H. Lewis, Monday evening, November 27, at the True Reformers' Hall.

The committee in charge of the affair is composed of Messrs. Chas. E. Hall, L. M. Hershaw, Chas. J. Pickett and Thos. H. R. Clarke.

An unusually large number of acceptances have been received by the committee, which demonstrates that the people admire Mr. Lewis and desire to express their approval of his promotion to the high post he holds with so much ability.

Since Mr. Lewis' advent in Washington he has captivated everyone with his democratic bearing, his immense fund of spontaneous wit and his complete naturalness of manner.

He is a young man who has distinguished himself in everything that he has undertaken from the days when he proved himself invincible on the gridiron to the day when he was confirmed by the United States Senate as Assistant Attorney General of the United States, and the people will honor themselves in honoring him.

PUBLIC MEN AND THINGS

Continued from page

ing whisky just to give it a flavor. Because they ordered ginger ale high balls is proof to me that the gentlemen are not drinking men. You catch me, do you not? Well these two pedagogues didn't see me, and I didn't see them, but I could hear their conversation. They talked about everybody—that's a regular habit, though, here, and finally they got to talking about how some of the women teachers dress. One of them said: "I think Roscoe Bruce ought to lecture on dress reform. Now I don't believe it's good for the girl pupils whose fathers just barely make a living, to be setting up in front of a teacher all day who is decked out with about three hundred dollars worth of diamonds, and—"Just here the other broke in, after giving another order of ginger ale high balls, saying; "Yes and I don't think it's just proper for some teachers to wear skin-tight dresses, hats that cost a fortune, and otherwise dress like they were advertising Garfinkle. These poor girls, who can't get these dresses, and these hats are liable to sigh for them, and if they sigh for them, you know what's liable to happen. Bruce Evans told one teacher once that she dressed too gay for a model teacher. Another pair of ginger ale high balls came along just at this moment, and that was enough to change the subject. But as I sauntered down the steps, with a whole surloin, some French fried and a bottle of Dog's Head under my belt, which is sufficient to start the reflection veins to working, I thought of what these fellows—these gentlemen, said, and it occured to me that as long as they talked that sensible they could stand for ginger ale high balls a plenty. I am just old fashioned enough to think that women school teachers, who have a lot of poor girls as pupils, ought not to flaunt in their faces fifty, seventy-five and hundred dollar dresses, and they ought not to excite their envy by wearing costly hats and expensive jewelry. Most of the young girls go astray because of the love of fine clothes, and I don't thing a school teacher should be a party to exciting in a poor girl a desire for finery. "Old White-top," that's Bruce Evans, may have been considered a butter-in when he criticised a teacher's toggery, but I'll hand you a porkchop if he wasn't about right when he did it. Now getting back to these two teachers who discussed the matter over gingeer ale high balls, before I left they got to talking about everybody on the town plat, except themselves. You see ginger ale high balls have a peculiar effect on teachers and bottles. It fills both of them up, and loads both down. And you know yourself when you oil your tongue up with a few fingers of spirits fermenti that old tongue will just naturally move some. Oh you've been there yourself. You know you have, because you aint in the George Cook class.

MR. LOCKE ENTERTAINED.

Mr. Allen LeRoy Locke who has distinguished himself in educational circles by winning one of the Cecil Rhodes scholarships in a state wide competition among the university graduates in the state of Pennsylvania, made a brief visit to our city last week. He was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Baker at dinner, last Saturday, evening, attending later with his host the meeting of the Common Welfare Club at the home of Prof. Roscoe C. Bruce, to hear the admirable address of Dr. William C. Woodward, the Health Officer of the Dictrict. Mr. Locke after graduating from Harvard, completed the three years' course at Oxford, England, where he easily took high rank among the brainy young men who had been picked through competition from every quarter of the globe, and gathered at England's foremost seat of learning as the special beneficiaries of the late Cecil Rhodes' munifience.

Subsequently, Mr. Locke spent a year at special work at the University of Berlin in Germany. Though somewhat undersized in stature his bearing and poise and dignified manner distinctly mark him as the cultured man of letters, while in conversation, he reflects the best efforts of his years of training in the foremost universities of the world. Mr. Locke made brief visits to Howard University and to our High and Normal schools, and left on Monday for Hampton, Va., where he is to observe the workings of our oldest industrial and technical school for colored students. He returns to England in a few weeks to take up some special literary work, coming back to America later where he hopes to pursue his life work.

St. Luke's.

Quite a brilliant and successful affair was held at the St. Luke Building, 1824 Thirteenth Street Northwest, Hollowe'en night, by a splendid party of young people, many of them who are members of the I. I. St. Luke. The house was beautifully decorated with bunting, palms, leaves and flowers—red lights, lanterns and pumpkins adding to the effect. The house was well filled with decorous young men and ladies of M Street High School, Manual Training, Normal and Howard. Mrs. Bessie B. Anderson, Miss Mattie R. Bowen and Mrs. Sarah A. Barton were chaperons. Mr. Leon D. Wormley, promoter and manager of the occasion. Proceeds for the benefit of a new St. Luke Council among the young people.

WEST WASHINGTON NEWS.

Recent Deaths—Buried With Masonic Honors.

Mr. James W. Davenport, an old resident of this section, died on Thursday, November 2, 1911, at Shepardstown, Va., where he has resided for the last ten years. Funeral services were held Monday night at 8 o'clock, from Ebenezer A. M. E. Church, O Street Northwest, under the auspices of Widow and Son Lodge, No. 7, F. A. A. M., of which he was a member. A large number of friends and relatives attended the solemn service. The devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. U. G. Leeper, who delivered a very eloquent eulogy upon the life and character of the deceased. Interment in Mt. Zion Cemetery.

Mr. Silas Richards, of Little Falls, Md., whose sudden death occurred at the Georgetown Hospital Sunday, October 28, 1911, was buried on Wednesday. Funeral service from Mt. Zion M. E. Church.

The funeral of Justin Morrell Simms, whose death occurred Thursday, November 2, 1911, at the residence, 2729 Dumbarton Avenue, took place Tuesday, November 7, 1911, at 10 o'clock A. M., from St. Augustine Church. Mr. Simms was the only son of Mrs. Eliza and the late Sidney Simms. A large number of friends and relatives attended the funeral. Interment, Holly Road Cemetery.

Mrs. Martha Robinson, of Chesapeake Junction, a very estimable and respected resident of this place, died on Saturday morning, November 4, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Thomas, 2515 M Street Northwest. Mrs. Robinson was the wife of Mr. Robert Robinson, who is a member of the official board of Mt. Zion Church. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon from Mt. Zion M. E. Church, 29th Street Northwest. Many friends and relatives attended the funeral, including the Young Ladies' Immediate Relief Association, Mutual Immediate Relief Society, and Eastern Star Chapter, No. 120, E. S., of which deceased was a member. Many floral tributes were presented by sorrowing friends, and resolutions by the several organizations. Rev. D. W. Hayes officiated, assisted by Rev. E. W. S Williams, Rev. M. W. Clair and Rev. Geo A Davis. The pall-bearers were David Wright, Chas. Mason, Edw. Holland, Benj. Warrick, W. H. Gatewood and W. J. Abrams. Interment, Mt. Zion Cemetery.

The Epworth League of Mt. Zion M. E. Church was largely attended on Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock, and enpoyed a very interesting program. Dr. U. G. Daniels delivered a very instructive address. Miss Lucy Lewis and Miss Alice Naylor, recitations; Messrs. Gilmore, Brown, and Hopkins, trio; Miss Sadie Johnson, a paper; Mrs. Grace Harris Brown, president.

The Heliotrope Circle held a very important meeting Tuesday evening at the residence, 2620 P Street Northwest. A very pleasant gathering enjoyed the hospitalities of Mrs. Anna Boyd and sister, Mrs. Alice Harris. Among the many present were Mrs. Maggie Thomas, Mrs. L. Palmer, Mrs. L. G. Williams, Mrs. H. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. D. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. S. Howard, Mr. E. Holt, Miss Nellie Saunders, Dr. Cherry, Mrs. R. Foster, Miss Maria Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brown, Mr. Louis N. Harris, Mr. J. Hurbert, and Jas. L. Turner.

Personal.

Dr. Daniel H. Smith has returned after a very pleasant week at the home of Mr. J. Robinson, of Bull Run, Va. He bagged as a trophy a fifteen pound wild turkey.

"Bee." Smith's drug store.

Mr. David Thomas, of Laurel, Md., is visiting the home of Miss Emma Williams, of O Street Northwest, who are making his stay a pleasant one.

Bee, Smith's drug store, 28th and Dumbarton Avenue.

We Don't Have to Advertise Our Ice Cream Soda Department. Our true fruit soda drinks, Nut and Fruit Sundaes, have well advertised themselves as being the purest, richest and most delicious in the city, and you can enjoy them at our stores every day in the year. But, there are times when you will need drugs and toilet articles too. That's when you will appreciate QUALITY, also.

NOW LISTEN. We want your trade, and the way we expect to get it and keep it is to give you such good values for your money that you will want to trade with us and have your friends do the same. And further, we will give your money back whenever you are dissatisfied with anything we recommend for your purchase.

WHAT DOES BOARD & McGUIRE SAY THIS WEEK?

We FILL YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS just as your Doctor wants them filled, from our well-selected stock of fresh, pure chemicals, by experienced graduates in pharmacy, thus insuring PURITY and ACCURACY, and the cost is no more.

THIS WEEK'S BARGAINS.

25c Foot Relief Tablets, best on the market, 20c; 50c Skin-Kure Ointment, 29c; 25c Palmer's Skin Success Ointment and Soap, 20c; 25c Liveroids, 20c; 15c Talcum Powders, 10c; and many others.

McGUIRE'S CATARRHAL CREAM has no superior on the market, and is only 25c a tube.

All the great A. D. S. Preparations for Colds, Rheumatism, Kidney troubles, Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Toothache, Woman's complaints, etc., sold on our guarantee and money-back plan.

Come to either of our two stores, and you will want to come again.

BOARD & McGUIRE, Druggists, 1912 1-2 Fourteenth Street, and Ninth and You Streets Northwest.

THE CHARITY RECEPTION

You and your friends are cordially invited to become patrons and be present at the

WHAT? CITIZENS' CHARITY RECEPTION, to be given for the benefit of COLORED SOCIAL SETTLEMENT, 16 L Street, Southwest,
WHEN? FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1911, at
WHERE? CONVENTION HALL, 5th and L Sts. N. W.
HOW? By paying ONE DOLLAR on or before December 4th, 1911, which entitles you to Two Reserved Seats and your name will be printed on the list of patrons.

NOTE—Please cut off this Coupon at dotted line and mail it to, Dr. John P. Francis, Sr., 1102 Ninth Street, N. W.

.....

You may print my name on your list of patrons and I agree to take two tickets for the Citizens' Charity Reception at Convention Hall, December 8, 1911. Tickets to be paid for not later than Dec. 4th.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Tickets will be forwarded to you. Sale of Patrons' tickets, including reserved seats, closes December 4, 1911, after which single admission tickets will be on sale at some of the Drug Stores.

THE WESTERN CAFE

MRS. ANNIE MUNNERLYN, *Proprietress*

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. *STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS*

BALLS, PARTIES, AND RECEPTIONS SERVED
QUICK LUNCHES, HOT OR COLD
GAME IN SEASON, COOKED TO ORDER

DON'T FORGET THE NUMBER

2200 Georgia Avenue N. W.

ANNIE MUNNERLYN, Proprietress

A New Directory

THE DOUGLASS DIRECTORY CO.

A directory of all the Negro business places in the city, alphabetically arranged.

If you are not registered with this Company send us a card, and our representative will call.

To do business you must be known to the business world.

THE DOUGLASS DIRECTORY CO.,

609 F Street N. W.

HONORED THE MONKEY.

The Romantic Story of the Origin of the Earl of Leinster's Coat of Arms.

Most of the wild animals have a place in heraldry, and many strange and impossible creatures, such as griffins, dragons and unicorns, have been invented as emblems of daring and valor. But the donkey and the monkey have not been so used, except in one instance, where the monkey has been admitted to the ranks of titled nobility. The story of this adoption is told by Mr. Curtis in his book, "One Irish Summer."

On the Leinster coat of arms are three monkeys standing with plain collar and chained; motto, "Crom-a-boo," "To Victory." This is the only coat of arms, I am told, that has ever borne a monkey in the design. It was adopted by John Fitzthomas Fitzgerald in 1316 for romantic reasons.

While this Earl of Leinster was an infant he was in the castle of Woodstock, which is now owned by the Duke of Marlborough. The castle caught fire. In the confusion the child was forgotten, and when the family and servants remembered him and started a search they found the nursery in ruins. But on one of the towers was a gigantic ape, a pet of the family, carefully holding the young earl in his arms. The animal, with extraordinary intelligence, had crawled through the smoke, rescued the baby and carried it to the top of the tower.

When the earl had grown to manhood he discarded the family coat of arms and adopted the monkeys for his crest, and they have been retained to this day. Wherever you find the tomb of a Fitzgerald you will see the monkeys at the feet of the effigy or under the inscription.

SPENDTHRIFT ISABELLA.

A Sight That Checked Her Royal Extravagance For Awhile.

We are accustomed to think that the day is long past when a sovereign could oppress and offend a whole kingdom by personal extravagance. But the late Isabella of Spain belonged in spirit to the sixteenth century. An incident of her reckless career—which ended in the loss of the throne—is noted in Munsey's Magazine.

She spent money, pouring it out like water, at a time when the treasury was nearly bankrupt and when the proverb "Poor as a Spaniard" was far too true. All her best advisers urged her to practice economy. Very few of them succeeded, and these only for a short time.

A certain chamberlain of hers once hit upon a plan to make her realize how enormous were the sums that she was spending. Passing through the hall of the palace, she was surprised to see a vast heap of silver pieces, resembling the contents of a great bin of wheat, but piled up in the middle of the floor. The queen summoned her chamberlain.

"What is the meaning of all this money?" she demanded of him.

"Oh," he replied, with a low bow, "this is merely the amount which I have brought out to pay the bill of your majesty's glovemaker."

The queen colored and then laughed, and for several months she was less extravagant in her expenditures for clothes.

E Pluribus Unum.

The country is indebted to John Adams for its national motto, with an Englishman of note sharing in the honor. It seems that while Adams was minister to England Sir John Prestwick, an eminent English antiquary, suggested to him a good motto to represent the union of the American colonies. Adams at once was taken with the idea, which he transmitted to Charles Thompson, the secretary of congress, who on June 20, 1782, reported to that body his design for a government seal. In this the Latin legend "E Pluribus Unum" was to be borne on a ribbon held in the beak of an eagle.

Just where Sir John got the idea is not certain, but it is a fact that the motto was in use on the cover of the Gentleman's Magazine, first published in 1730, and it may have struck his fancy by its applicability to the situation then obtaining in America.

New Zealand's Glaciers.

The great size of the glaciers around Mount Cook, in New Zealand, has been often remarked. The Tasman is eighteen miles long, the Murchison ten miles, the Godley eight miles, the Mueller eight miles and the Hooker seven miles. Most of these glaciers have moraines of exceeding roughness, but the approaches to them are not steep, as is usually the case with European glaciers. The southern Alpine snow line is only a little over 7,000 feet. Glacially polished rocks are rare, and in many ways the mountains are singularly different from those of central Europe.

A Natural Mistake.

"I was just telling our friend here, Molly, that it was storming on the day of our marriage."

"Surely not, Hiram! The weather was perfectly lovely!"

"Well, well! I don't know how I got so mixed up about it; probably because it's been storming ever since!" —Atlanta Constitution.

A Fish Story.

"There are as good fish in the sea as were ever taken out of it," remarked Small to Young, who had been refused by Moneybag's daughter.

"Yes, I know. But they are not goldfish."

Who serves his country well has no need of ancestors.—Voltaire.

A MAN OF MYSTERY.

Metastasio, the Celebrated Italian Poet, Was an Unusually Eccentric Man. His Life In Vienna.

Metastasio (1698-1782), the celebrated dramatic and operatic poet, spent fifty-five years in Vienna with the Martines family without ever learning German or wishing to learn it.

Besides his utter indifference to all speech but Italian, Metastasio possessed many peculiarities of character. None might mention death in his presence. Those who alluded to smallpox before him he made it a point not to see again. In all his fifty-five years in Vienna he never gave away more than the equivalent of $25 to the poor. He always occupied the same seat at church, but never paid for it. He took all his meals in the most mysterious privacy. His greatest friends had never seen him eat anything but a biscuit with some lemonade. Nothing would induce him to dine away from home. He never changed his wig or the cut or color of his coat.

Metastasio was to have been presented to the pope the day he died and raved about the intended interview in the delirium of his last moments. Mrs. Piozzi (familiar to readers of Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson" as Mrs. Thrale) collected these particulars from the ladies of the Martines family, with whom Metastasio was so long domesticated without speaking or understanding a word of their language from first to last.

ETIQUETTE IN SIAM.

On Hands and Knees Before the King Was Long the Custom There.

Perhaps the most revolutionary reform carried out by the late king of Siam was the abolition of the arbitrary rule of etiquette which forbade an inferior in rank to raise his head above that of a superior or even level with it. The inferior must not even pass over a bridge while a superior was underneath it, nor must he enter a room in an upper story while a superior was occupying a room beneath it. Servants approached their masters on hands and knees. This custom is by no means obsolete today in spite of the royal edict, for many of the powerful nobles who live far away from the court still enforce it.

In 1874 the king held a large court, at which no one present presumed to appear otherwise than on hands and knees. It was at this audience that the edict forbidding the custom was read to the prostrate multitude. They there and then rose and stood like men in the presence of their sovereign for the first time on record. Since then there has been no prostration at the royal audiences. But if a superior stops to speak to an inferior in the street the latter will still bend or lower his head in some way as a mark of respect.—London Saturday Review.

Spoiled In the Making.

Behold, when a man on a trolley car removed his hat the other day little Willie observed that he was bald—yea, very bald, for not a single hirsute rambler trailed over his shining pate. But when it came to whiskers the bald party was right there with the lilacs. He had whiskers in bundles, whiskers in stacks. In fact, he had enough whiskers to start a rat factory and make a fortune.

"Say, mamma," finally remarked Willie, turning to his mother, "just look at that man there."

"Hush, dear!" returned mamma. "He will hear you. What's the matter with him?"

"Everything is the matter with him," replied the youngster. "When the angels made him they put his head on upside down."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

His Blunt Critic.

Irving Bacheller was introduced one day by a mutual friend to a western mountaineer.

"Mr. Bacheller," exclaimed the friend to the mountaineer, "is an author of repute in the east."

"Oh, yes," drawled the mountaineer, "I know of him. I was locked up in my cabin here by the snow two winters ago, and I only had two books to read the whole five months, your book, sir," he said, turning to Mr. Bacheller, "and the Bible, and I read them through several times."

"Indeed!" said the author, a smile of satisfaction wreathing his face.

"Yes, sir," continued the old mountaineer, "and I never knew before how interesting the Bible was."—St Paul Dispatch.

Grenada Was Bought Cheap.

The island of Grenada, in the British West Indies, was bought by the French from the Caribs by a solemn treaty in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the price paid was two bottles of rum. Esau's mess of pottage was a good stroke of business by comparison. The Caribs soon regretted having sold their birthright and vainly tried to get the island back by force. It is now one of England's most prosperous colonies in the West Indies.

So Absurd.

Youth—Look here! This horse I hired from you runs on to the pavement every time he sees a motorcar.

Horse Dealer—Well, you don't expect a horse to run up a telegraph pole or climb a tree, do you?—New York Journal.

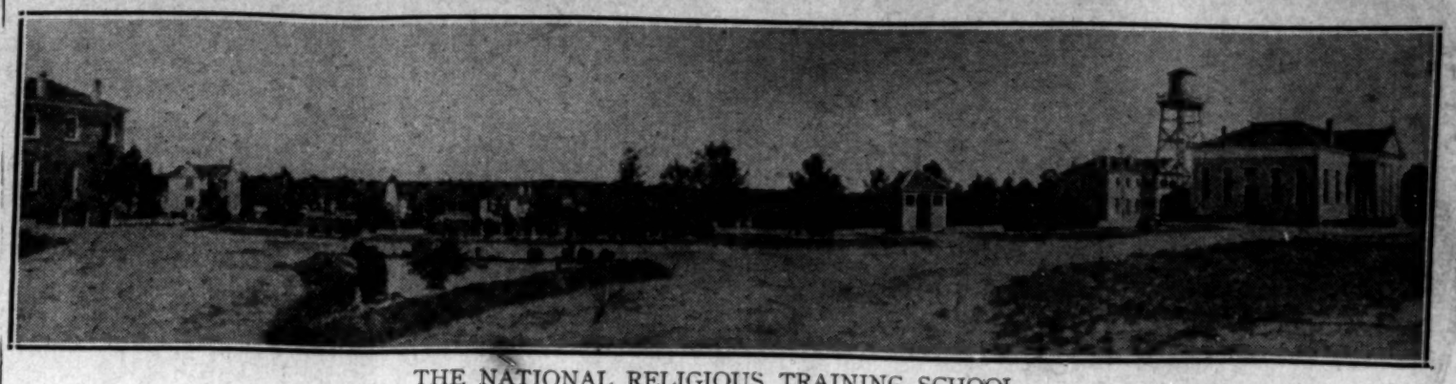
It Suited Him.

Silas—Say, did you ever see a gol durn boil jest where you wanted it?

Storekeeper—Yep; the one on you is exactly all right fer me, Si.—Boston Transcript.

For himself doth a man work evil in working evil for another.—Hesiod.

National Religious Training School



THE NATIONAL RELIGIOUS TRAINING SCHOOL,

DURHAM, N. C.,

Offers superior advantages for the training of young men and women in many departments of work.

The following Departments are in successful operation.

1. Department of Religious Training. This department is intended especially for the training of Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Secretaries. Settlement workers, Deaconesses, and for Home and Foreign Missionaries.
2. Department of Theology.
3. Commercial Department.
4. Literary Department.
5. Department of Music.
6. Department of Literary Training.
7. Department of Industries.
8. Extension Home Classes.

There are special scholarships for deserving young men and women, in the Departments of Theology and Religious Training.

The next Summer School and Chautauqua will open July 3, 1912. For further information and catalogue, address

PRESIDENT JAMES E. SHEPARD,

Durham, N. C.

The Social Settlement.

In calling attention again to the urgent needs of the colored Social-Setlement, we do so the more readily because of the really earnest efforts now being made under the direction of the new president, Dr. John R. Francis, to put the whole enterprise on a well sustained basis.

We should take particular pride in sustaining Dr. Francis and his energetic co-workers, because they are working unselfishly and along practical lines to help refute the charge that we do not, as a race, give proper support to such work in our midst, and for the direct benefit of the unfortunate in our own race.

It is not enough that we give of our dollars, but we should give personal service as well. We should visit the Settlement, and encourage by our presence the good work carried on down there by the ladies who are giving their whole time to the work, and for very inadequate compensation.

It was a fine thing for Mrs. West and Mrs. Bruce to assume the responsibility personally of raising a fund to insure the prompt payment of the salaries of the two lady workers at the Settlement, and we should faithfully uphold them in their efforts.

It is equally meritorious in Mrs. L. B. Moore to undertake the mammoth charity reception which she has planned in aid of the same cause, and we should liberally support that project, also not alone by individually purchasing tickets for it, but by persuading others to do the same thing.

Let us remark that the good book contains no truer axiom than this: "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

The particulars of the charity reception will be found elsewhere in this paper, but special attention is here called to the following extract from one of the circulars sent out by Mrs. Moore's Committee.

NOTE: Please cut off this coupon at dotted line and mail it to Dr. John R. Francis, Sr., 1102 Ninth Street Northwest.

.....

You may print my name on your list of patrons and I agree to take two tickets for the Citizens' Charity Reception at Convention Hall, December 8, 1911. Tickets to be paid for not later than December 4th.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Tickets will be forwarded to you. Sale of Patrons' tickets, including reserved seats, closes December 4, 1911, after which single admission tickets will be on sale at some of the drug stores.

FALL SEASON BEGINS

November 1, at the N. W. Cafe, 11th and You Streets.

Mr. Martin announces that he is now fitted up to serve private parties, dinners, luncheons, etc., his private hall now being better known, is now open for dates. Although many dates have already been taken for the season. Special attention, home cooking; for regular board, at $12.00 per month; $6.00 half month; $1.00 for dinners per month. Sunday dinner a specialty, 35c. (2 to 5 P. M.) Stop in. 2000 Eleventh St. N. W.

W. W. MARTIN, Prop.

Send your printing to W. Calvin Chase, Jr., manager of the Triangle Printing Co.

Painless Extraction of Teeth Filling and Crowning

Dr. Robert L. Peyton

SURGEON DENTIST

First Class Work Guaranteed

1229 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W. Washington, D. C.

Gas Administered **Hours 9 to 5**

ROUTED THE SINGER.

Tosti's Encounter With a Persistent and Peppery Stranger.

"Tosti used to tell an amusing little story of feminine persistence," says Harold Simpson in his book, "A Century of English Ballads." It was during one of his busiest mornings, with a long list of singing lessons to be got through, that a knock came at the door of Tosti's flat. His valet was ill, and so Tosti went to the door himself. A lady, a stranger to him, stood on the threshold.

"'Signor Tosti?' she inquired.

"Tosti bowed.

"'Oh,' said the lady, 'I am singing your song, "My Memories," at Manchester tonight, and I want you to kindly run through it with me.'

"'Madame,' answered Tosti politely, but firmly, 'I fear it is impossible. I have two pupils with me now, and a third is waiting in the anteroom, while others will shortly be arriving.'

"'But you must!' the lady persisted.

"'I am sorry'— began Tosti again when he suddenly received a violent push backward and the lady walked into the studio.

"Tosti followed, protesting. After a long argument, which threatened to become heated, the lady snapped out:

"'Very well; I shan't sing your song, then!'

"'Madame,' said Tosti, taking her by the hand, 'I am infinitely obliged to you.'

"The lady gave one look at him and fled."

When Lawyers Are Quiet.

One George Wilson, a lawyer, who had much litigation, in some of which he was personally interested as a party or as a trustee, finally passed away, and a short funeral sermon was delivered by a member of the bar in the presence of a few old personal friends. The lawyer told how the old man had been abused and maligned, but that, in fact, he had helped the poor and unfortunate often and was not a bad man.

On returning from the services an old lawyer was asked by another lawyer about the services and what was said. The old lawyer replied, "For once old George could not file a demurrer or motion to any of the proceedings which had taken place."

The lawyer who made the inquiry replied, "Well, this must be the first time George did not move for arrest of judgment."—Green Bag.

Wagner as an Acrobat.

Ferdinand Praeger related an incident of a visit to Wagner at his Swiss home. The two men sat one morning on an ottoman in the drawing room talking over the events of the years. Suddenly Wagner, who was sixty years old, rose and stood on his head upon the ottoman. At that moment Wagner's wife entered. Her surprise and alarm caused her to run to her husband, exclaiming, "Ah, Richard, Richard!" Quickly recovering himself he assured her that he was sane and wished to show that he could stand on his head at sixty, which was more than Ferdinand could do.

A Hiccough Cure.

A correspondent writes to us to the effect that he has found hanging by the hands with the legs clear of the ground, the hands well apart and the breath held for say fifteen seconds, an infallible cure for hiccoughs. With children, hold them up off the ground by both hands. Our correspondent states that he has never found this method to fail.—London Globe.

Prosaic.

They began their honeymoon trip in the day coach.

"Darling," he murmured, "I can see the coals of love in your eyes."

"Them ain't coals, Jonathan," she said; "them's cinders."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Faultfinders.

Mention has been made of a person who, even in heaven, would complain that his cloud was damp and his halo a misfit.—William Winter.

MME. T. D. PERKINS SCIENTIFIC SCALP SPECIALIST

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This Tells The Story *Copyrighted March 24th, '10*

Woman, Stop, Wait, Listen, Read

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If a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her.—I Cor. 11-15.

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My own hair is my best advertisement. With these treatments my hair grew 17 inches in two years. It had remained one length (four inches) for 15 years. What I did for my hair I am doing for hundreds of others, and will do for you with my Matchless Scientific Scalp Preparations. My treatment stops falling hair or breaking off, cures split ends, removes dandruff and scalp scurf, causes the hair to grow long, no matter how short; soft, no matter how harsh; thick, no matter how thin; straight from the bulbs, no matter how kinky. First treatment will show wonderful improvement. Do not wait if you are interested in your hair. I give treatments all over the United States by mail. Write me at once. I send booklet OF INFORMATION, and testimonials of those taking my treatments when 4-cent stamp is enclosed. I do not have agents. I need a personal history of your hair and scalp and your physical condition.

All mail promptly answered when 4-cent stamp is enclosed. I am the only woman of the race growing hair today who can show the public the real length my hair was when I first began treating it. Send for booklet if you mean business. You can secure these preparations from me. None like them made in the world. **The T. D. P. Scientific Scalp Preparation, Madam Perkins, sole agent.**

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BURN YOUR BRIDGES.

We Are So Constituted That When a Retreat Is Left Open We Are Apt to Turn Back.

Young men often make the mistake when they start on an important undertaking of leaving open a way of retreat if things go too hard, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. No one can call out his greatest reserves, do the greatest thing possible to him, while he knows that if the battle gets too hot he has a line of retreat still left open. Only when there is no hope of escape will an army fight with that spirit of desperation which gives no quarter.

Many a great general in his march on the enemy has burned his bridges behind him, cut off his only possible retreat, for the bracing, encouraging effect upon himself and his army, because he knew that men only call out their greatest reserves of power when all retreat is cut off and when fighting desperately for that which they count dearer than life.

We are so made that as long as there is a chance to retreat, as long as there are bridges behind us, we are tempted to turn back when the great test comes.

"Will you hold this fort?" asked General Rosecrans of General Pierce at Stone river. "I will try, general." "Will you hold this fort?" "I will die in the attempt." "That won't do. Look me in the eye, sir, and tell me if you will hold this position." "I will!" said General Pierce, and he did.

The Cow Decided.

A peasant living in the village of Predeal, near the Hungarian frontier, lost his cow. About two months ago he happened to be standing at the railroad station watching a train load of cattle about to be sent across the frontier. Suddenly he gave a shout. "That's my cow!" he cried, running toward one of the cars.

The trainmen only laughed at him, and he went before the magistrate. This good man listened to the peasant's story patiently. Then he pronounced this judgment: "The cow shall be taken to the public square of Predeal and milked. Then if it goes of its own accord to the plaintiff's stable it shall belong to him."

The order of the court was carried out, and the cow, in spite of its ten months' absence, took without hesitation the lane which led it a few minutes later into the peasant's stable.—Chicago News.

LONDON'S HISTORIC TOWER.

And the Poisoned Egg From Which Was Hatched the Great Charter.

Richard Davey in "The Tower of London" connects the historic edifice with the wresting of the great charter from King John.

King John, it would seem, though legally married to Isabella of Angouleme, fell desperately in love in 1214 with "Matilda" or "Maud," "the Fair," the beautiful daughter of Rebert, Lord Fitzwalter. This lady, remaining deaf to his entreaties, was treacherously abducted from her father's seat at Dunmow by the king's order and shut up in the round turret of the White tower. On this Fitzwalter made a vain attempt to rouse the people to revolt, but was forced to fly to France with his wife and remaining children. Maud once safe in the tower, King John renewed his suit, but only succeeded in driving her to utter silence, which so infuriated him that he sent her a poisoned egg for her breakfast, and she died early in 1215. A year later her remains were translated to the family vault at Dunmow.

When the news of this crafty murder came to the ears of Fitzwalter he forthwith returned to England and discovered to his joy that the barons were on the point of declaring war against John. He at once placed himself at their head, hoping, it is said, to combine his personal revenge with his duty as an English peer and is indeed supposed to have forced the king to sign the great charter for the express purpose of humiliating his daughter's murderer. Thus from an egg was hatched the great charter. Whether the story be true or false, it is a certified historical fact that the barons held the tower in pledge till John consented to accept the charter and affixed his reluctant signature to the deed.

About a year later, when the war with the barons was at its height and John once more a power, the tower again fell into his hands, and, though the barons laid siege to it, they were repulsed by the king's men. To complete its strange vicissitudes during this strenuous reign the tower became on Nov. 1, 1215, the temporary court of King Louis of France, whom the rebellious barons had summoned to assist in the adjustment of their grievances. Appearing before the gates with a large body of men, he so completely awed the officials that they handed over the keys without striking a blow for their rightful monarch.

FREAKS OF A RIVER.

A Stream So Crooked That It Double Crosses Itself.

There is a stream in Massachusetts called the North river. It starts in a pond near Hanson and runs to the sea at Scituate. It is ten miles by air line from Hanson to Scituate, and the river is forty miles long.

This river is probably the most remarkable body of water, barring the Dead sea, on this footstool and has stood more abuse and bad language than the Chicago river. When the tide is coming in the river runs upstream, and not only that, but the upper part of it, which is fresh water, also runs up, and the spectacle of a fresh water river beating it uphill is alone enough to call attention to itself. But there is much more to it than that.

The North river is noted for being the scene of the last Indian raid on the coast settlements. It is notable for having given birth to the ship Columbia, whose captain discovered and named the Columbia river, and was the first American vessel to circumnavigate the world. It is notorious for having suddenly changed its mind on its course on the night of Nov. 27, 1898, when it moved its mouth three miles to the northward, presented the town of Marshfield with a deep harbor, killed three men and converted about 200,000 acres of prime meadow land into a salt marsh.

But the chief thing about this river is its crookedness. This river is so crooked that it double crosses itself. If you don't believe it go and see. There is one place in Hanover where by making three loops the river moves toward the sea for a distance of almost fifty feet and meanders about for fifteen miles in doing it.—Boston Traveler.

The Open Fire.

The open fire is a primitive, elemental thing. It cheers with more than mere heat; it is a bit of the red heart of nature laid bare; it is a dragon of the prince docile and friendly there in the corner. What pictures, what activity, how social, how it keeps up the talk! You are not permitted to forget it for a moment. How it responds when you nudge it! How it rejoices when you feed it! Why, an open fire in your room is a whole literature. It supplements your library as nothing else in the room does or can.—John Burroughs in Country Life in America.

Out or In.

"What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment house.

"Probably some one in the dentist's apartments on the floor below getting a tooth out."

"But this seemed to come from the floor above."

"Ah, then it's probably the Popleys' baby getting a tooth in!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Made It Lean.

Teacher—Now, Harold, can you tell me what made the tower of Pisa lean? Harold—I guess there must have been a famine in the land.—Exchange.

The best of us lack more'n wings to be angels.—Thomas B. Aldrich.

SURGEONS' FEES.

Pretty Big Sometimes, but Then There Is Another Side of the Story.

I have a warm spot in my heart for the big American surgeons, says a writer in the New York Telegraph, and because of regular attendance for years at some of the most famous clinics in this and other cities I have been a witness of their unadvertised charities—acts of mercy and kindness which were never heard of outside the walls of the hospitals they honor by their services.

I knew a wealthy man whose daughter was suddenly stricken and whose life was saved by the attending surgeon. His fee was $25,000. Straightway the father emitted a wail.

"It's robbery," he said. The surgeon stood firm.

"Your daughter's life is worth $25,000 to you," he countered. There was no denial.

"Well, this fee means that I can operate on fifty persons without any charge, and if you don't like it you can force me to sue, but I will get it without a suit or you will stand a lot of publicity."

And he got the money without recourse to a court of law.

It is safe to mark it down when you see a story of some great surgeon who has charged a high fee that there are many of his patients enjoying good health and relief from pain because he charged them nothing at all.

THE CLANRICARDE PLAQUE.

A Famous Specimen of the Sixteenth Century Goldsmith's Art.

One of the greatest cinquecento jewels in the world is the Clanricarde plaque, owned by Lord Clanricarde, who is known as the "hermit peer" and who claims direct descent from the kings of Connaught. He guards with jealous care this precious example of the goldsmith's art, keeping it safe from possible thieves and the common gaze in a bank vault, to which he goes occasionally with great secrecy to feast his eyes upon its magnificence. Some years ago, by royal request, he lent it to an art exhibition in London, where it was admired and coveted by some of the greatest connoisseurs of Europe.

The huge disk is as delicately wrought as a spider's web and represents the figure of Hercules wielding a diamond sword. The sword blade is composed of a mass of perfectly matched steel white stones, and a superb blue diamond scintillates from the hilt. The present owner inherited it from his mother, who was a Miss Canning before her marriage to the Irish lord, and the plaque is practically priceless. Aside from its value to collectors and its worth as a specimen of rare and exquisite art, it is incrusted with a fortune in jewels.—New York Press.

"Clipping Sunday."

At Painswick, in Gloucestershire, the Sunday following Sept. 8 is called by the curious name of "Clipping Sunday" and connected with a quaint custom. In the churchyard are ninety-nine yew trees, and tradition says that all attempts to complete the hundred by planting another yew have failed becomes the newcomer invariably dies. Every year before the feast of the Nativity of Our Lady—Sept. 8—these mystic yews are clipped, and the Sunday "in the octave" thus becomes "Clipping Sunday." After service there is a procession of parishioners around the churchyard, and then all join hands and form a ring round the church. Finally they gather at the foot of a flight of steps leading to the chancel door, from which a sermon is preached.—London Chronicle.

City of Three Kings.

Do you know what city has been given the name of the City of Three Kings? It is Cologne, in Germany, and the reason is that it is in Cologne that the three "kings," or "magi," or "wise men," who went to Bethlehem to offer gifts to the infant Jesus are supposed to be buried. According to an ancient legend, their bones were brought from Milan to Cologne by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in 1162 and presented to the archbishop of Cologne. Visitors to the cathedral are shown the supposed souls of the magi, studded with diamonds and inscribed with the wise men's names in rubies.—St. James' Gazette.

Her Correction.

Two young women were talking over their restaurant luncheon the other day about the quality of a certain prima donna's voice.

"Oh, she can sing," cried one of them enthusiastically. "She certainly can sing. Music like that would coax Apollo from his lyre."

The other girl flushed and looked troubled. After a slight pause she spoke in gentle reproof.

"I don't want to correct you, dear," she said. "But don't you think that word is usually pronounced 'lair?' It is spelled l-a-i-r, you know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Disinterested Affection.

"I'm afraid, Edward, you're marrying me only because I've inherited from my uncle 100,000 crowns."

"Why, Blanche, how can you think that of me? Your uncle is nothing to me. I would marry you no matter from whom you inherited the money."—Der Floh.

The Honeymoon.

"Mamma, is a honeymoon a vacation?"

"It may be, my dear, and it may be the beginning of a long period of servitude."—Youngstown Telegram.

BURNING OF WIDOWS.

The Horrible Rite That Held Sway In India For Over Twenty Centuries.

The abolition of the horrid rite of widow burning in India was decreed by the British authorities in 1829.

The dreadful practice was found there by the Macedonians under Alexander the Great 300 years before Christ, and for more than twenty-one long, weary centuries did it repeat its almost inconceivable torture and agony upon the women of India. The sacrifice, while not actually forced on the wife, was so strongly insisted on by public opinion that it amounted to a law, and its victims were legion. Scores of widows were often burned upon the funeral pile of a single rajah. In Bengal, the head center of the monstrosity, thousands were sacrificed annually, and the figure for all India was appalling.

The millions of widowed women were completely at the mercy of the remorseless superstition of the times. The ministers of Brahmanism told the widow that her sacrifice was necessary as a means of her own happiness and that of her husband in the future state, and oftener than otherwise she consented to be burned along with the dead body of her husband. Unless she did this she was covered with the maledictions and curses of the people, was virtually outlawed and unceremoniously cast outside the pale of human sympathy and consideration and had to spend the rest of her days in degradation and wretchedness. It was death on the funeral pile of her husband or a living death of contumely and shame, of loneliness and misery.

The women of India can never discharge their debt of gratitude to England for the abolition of the suttee.—New York American.

ON THE TRAIL.

But He Didn't Know the Kind of Game He Was Tracking.

In the old days a man known as Judge Douglass lived in Helena, Mont. The judge had met with an accident in his youth and had lost both of his legs above the knees. He never would get artificial legs, but had some big leather pads made to fit on the ends of the stumps and walked on them.

Locomotion was slow for the judge, but he managed to cover a good deal of ground and was very fond of walking out on the edge of the town, where he could take his exercise without being the subject of remark from strangers in the city.

One day an Englishman came to Helena to hunt. He had some letters and put up at the Helena club. He stayed around for several days. Finally, after a light fall of snow, he decided to go out into the mountains and get a sheep or a deer or something.

He left early in the morning. When it came night he had not returned. His hosts around the club waited until 8 o'clock and then decided to go out and look him up, thinking he might have been lost in one of the gulches or canyons in the hills.

They formed a rescue party and went out to the edge of the town. There they met the Englishman, who was wildly excited.

"Did you get anything?" they asked him.

"No," he replied, "not yet, but I've been tracking an elephant for the last three hours."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Juries In the Old Days.

In olden times when a jury in England remained impervious to the judge's gentle mode of persuasion fine and imprisonment were resorted to. The jury that acquitted Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was condemned to eight months' imprisonment in addition to the payment of a large sum of money. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth a jury, having reduced a prisoner's alleged crime of murder to that of manslaughter, was at once sent to prison and bound over in a large sum to be of good behavior. Penalties were likewise inflicted upon the innocent wife and children of the offending jurymen.

A Moving Sermon.

"I once had a parishioner who was a miser," said an English clergyman. "For this man's benefit I preached one Sunday a strong sermon on the necessity of charity, of philanthropy—a sermon on the duty and the joy of giving. The miser, at whom I gazed often, seemed impressed.

"Next day I met him on the street.

"'Well, John,' I said, 'what do you think of yesterday's sermon?'

"'It moved me deeply, sir,' he answered. 'It brought home to me so strongly the necessity of giving alms that honestly, sir, I've a great mind to turn beggar.'"

A Boomerang.

"What's the matter with your head?" asked the first bunko man.

"A farmer I met today just banged me there with his carpetbag," replied the other.

"It must have been a pretty hard carpetbag."

"Yes; it had a gold brick in it that I sold him yesterday." — Catholic Standard and Times.

Anyhow, They're Gone.

Mr. Jawback — That boy gets his brains from me. Mrs. Jawback—Somebody's got 'em from you, if you ever had any, that's a cinch.—New York American.

Changed Impressions.

"What has become of that man who talked hard times so vigorously?"

"Oh, we won't hear any more of that from him," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "He's on the other side of the market now."—Washington Star.

TOWER HILL.

A Noted Spot In London Which Was the Scene of Many Famous Occurrences.

Tower Hill is perhaps both the most important eminence and the most notable spot in all London. Few of us think what great persons have quietly lived there and what others, equally great, have wept and died upon it.

To it, or rather to Great Tower street, came Rochester to pursue his trade as an Italian fortune teller, while the bedizened Buckingham often walked thither to consult a conjurer, a shrewd, farseeing rogue, who, when Felton bought at the cutler's shop on the summit of the hill for a shilling the knife with which he killed the duke's father, may have known for what purpose it was required.

William Penn was born on this hill in a house close to London wall. Forty-four years later—that is, in A. D. 1685—a poet lay dead, choked by a crust which starvation had urged him to devour too greedily, in an upper room of the Bull tavern. This was the ill fated Otway. At the time when the son of the muses lay dead Betterton, the celebrated founder of the stage after the restoration, was wringing tears from the eyes of the public, not for the famished dead, but at his own fictitious sorrows in "Venice Preserved."

It was in Great Tower street that Peter the Great used to pass his evenings drinking hot pepper and brandy with his boon companion, Lord Carmarthen.—London Standard.

ATHLETIC DEVOTIONS.

Gymnastic Exercises That Impressed the Kurdish Villagers.

Everything is liable to be misunderstood, even gymnastic exercises. This truth was brought home to George H. Hepworth, and he tells his experience in "Through Armenia on Horseback." The author was stopping in a Kurdish village, and the inn possessed but one general living room.

In the morning I began my regular gymnastics, stooping until my fingers touched the floor, throwing my arms about like the spokes of a wheel, striking out from the shoulder and going through all the exercises, none of which I ever omitted. I would gladly have taken a sponge bath, but it would have been impossible to get enough water. A pint is enough to suffice a Turk.

Well, I got under way with my exercises when I saw that my audience was excited; conversation dropped into a whisper, then ceased; word passed from one to another, and one by one the occupants of the room quietly left. I feared that they were offended and wanted to call them back and apologize. Just then my dragoman entered, laughing.

"What has happened?" I asked.

He laughed the harder as he replied: "The Kurds think you are practicing devotional religious exercises, and they retired under the impression that you would regard their presence as an intrusion."

Invisible Indians.

All Indians seem to have learned a wonderful way of walking unseen, making themselves invisible like certain spiders, which, in case of alarm, caused, for example, by a bird alighting on the bush their webs are spread upon, immediately bounce themselves up and down on their elastic threads so rapidly that only a blur is visible. The wild Indian power of escaping observation, even where there is little or no cover to hide in, was probably slowly acquired in hard hunting and fighting lessons while trying to approach game, take enemies by surprise or get safely away when compelled to retreat. And this experience transmitted through many generations seems at length to have become what is vaguely called instinct.—John Muir in Atlantic.

An Elusive Water Lily.

The water lily of the Amazon has very elusive habits. The buds open twice, the first time just a chink at the tip in the early sunrise hours, a sort of premonitory symptom. On the following evening it spreads its four sepals with such alacrity that you can see them move. But the big white bud among them remains unchanged until 4 o'clock in the morning, when it hurriedly spreads its blossom wide open, remaining in this condition only half an hour. Within the hour it has nearly closed, and by another hour and a half the entire flower has been drawn under water by the coiling of the stalk.

Diamonds.

Diamonds were first brought to Europe from the east, where the mine of Sumbulpoor was the first known. Golconda, now in ruins, was once a celebrated diamond mart. The mines of Brazil were discovered in 1728 and for a long time furnished most of the diamonds of commerce. In 1867 diamonds were discovered in Cape Colony, and in 1870 the wonderful finds in the Transvaal were made which resulted in the immense fortunes of the late Cecil Rhodes and others. Most of the diamonds of the world are now furnished by the South African fields.—New York American.

A Crusher.

"Yes, sir," said the trust magnate proudly, "I am the architect of my own fortune."

"Well," rejoined the friendly critic, "all I've got to say is that it's a lucky thing for you there were no building inspectors around when you was constructing it."—Chicago News.

The Old, Old Story.

"Daughter, has the duke told you the old, old story as yet?"

"Yes, he says he owes about 200,000 plunks."—Pittsburg Post.

W. CALVIN CHASE AND M. T. CLINKSCALES, ATTORNEYS.

In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

Hellen Davis, Complainant, vs. Charles Davis, Defendant, and Evelyn Hall, Co-respondent.

No. 30,142, Equity Doc. 65.

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony between Hellen Davis and Charles Davis, on the grounds of adultery.

On motion of the complainant, it is this second day of November, 1911, ordered that the Co-respondent, Evelyn Hall, cause her appearance to be entered herein on or before the fortieth day, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, occurring after the day of the first publication of this order; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default. Provided, a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in the Washington Law Reporter, and the Washington Bee, before said day.

WRIGHT, Justice.

A true copy:
Test:
J. R. YOUNG, Clerk.
By F. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Assistant Clery.

A BRAVE OFFICER.

John B. Lofties Wins Merit at the Point of a Smoking Revolver.

John B. Lofties, one of the bravest officers on the police force is entitled to credit for the arrest of James W. Coleman in the face of a smoking revolver. Coleman who had gotten into an altercation with a man by the name of Glascoe on account of a colored blond and almost emptied his revolver before his arrest by Officer Lofties, of No. 3 Precinct, who arrived upon the scene just in time to prevent Coleman from firing his last load at Glascoe.

Hundreds of people stood in awe, when Officer Lofties arrived upon the scene. Not a man dared to arrest Coleman, who held a smoking revolver in has hand, but Officer Lofties, quick as a flash sprung upon Coleman and placed him under arrest. The act of the officer was applauded by everybody present. The Bee is well acquainted with the police work of this brave officer and it hopes to see the day when he is shoved to the position of detective sergeant. This arrest is one of the few arrests that have been made by this deserving member of the force.

A. H. Cooper.

One of the best tailors in the city is Mr. A. H. Cooper, whose advertisement appears in another column of The Bee. If you want first-class work done, don't fail to go to Cooper's. Read his announcement.

DEATH OF MRS. RAY.

Mrs. Mary F. Ray, wife of Daniel Ray of Nichols avenue, Anacostia, who died Oct. 28th, was buried from Campbells A. M. E Church, Wednesday, Nov. 1st. Mrs. Ray had been an invalid for twenty years. During all this time, Mr. Ray has been ever faithful to his wife. Friends in the printing office where Mr. Ray was employed, sent a magnificent wreath of flowers on the day of the funeral.

Bethel Literary.

Howard University Night at the Bethel Literary last Tuesday night was a great event. Dr. Thirkield's address was a masterpiece of oratory and logic.

WANTED—AGENTS.

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